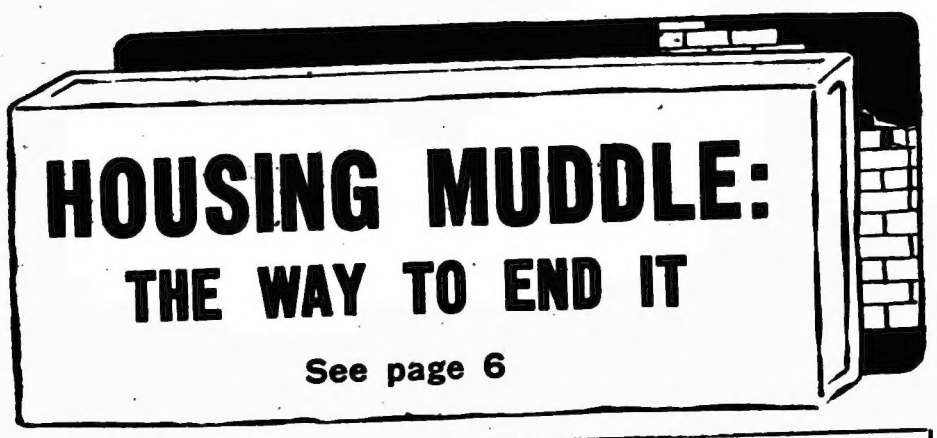
Week ending March 24 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

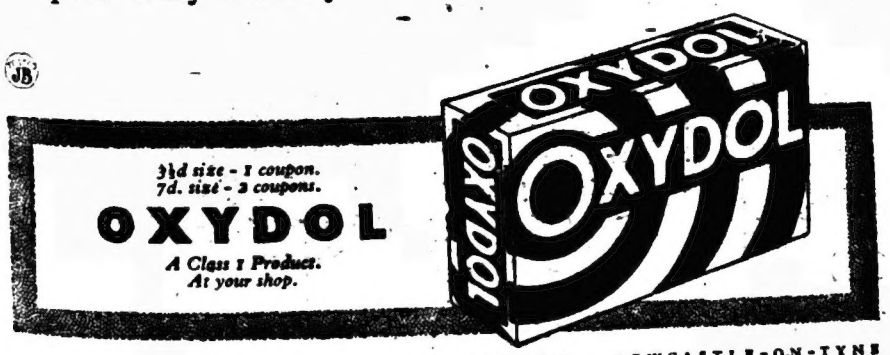
Every Thursday



BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

MAKE DO AND MEND WASHDAY WISDOM!

Oxydol's Busy Bubble lather does the wash in such a safe and gentle way that your clothes last ever so much longer. Because there's no washtub wear and tear required to get things spanking clean when you use Oxydol, the famous granulated soap. So you see, Oxydol saves you clothes coupons every washday.



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

My goodness-

Life is brighter after · Guinness

G.E.1220.G

FOOD FACTS

Ring the changes on these wholesome ones!

STEAMED PUDDINGS

To choose a sweet course that's both suitable for children *and* popular with your menfolk is sometimes a problem. But with one of these delicious Steamed Puddings you can't go wrong.

Quite apart from their niceness, steamed puddings are nourishing, and excellent "fillers". The family will feel they've really *had* something, when they've enjoyed a good plateful of one of these appetising and nutritious puddings.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

PLAIN STEAMED PUDDING

This is a good basic recipe for serving with jam, syrup, marmalade, custard, or flavoured sauce.

Ingredients: 8 oz. self-raising flour (or 8 oz. plain flour and 4 level teaspoons baking powder), a pinch salt, 2 oz. fat, 2 dried eggs, DRY, 2 oz. sugar, milk, ★ or milk and water to mix (just over ¼ pint). *Method:* Mix together flour, salt, baking powder and eggs. Rub in the fat until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add sugar, and enough liquid to make the mixture a dropping consistency. Turn into a greased 6-in. basin and steam for 1 hour. (*Enough for 4 to 6*).

★ *Household Milk can be used for all these recipes. It should be added* DRY *with the dry ingredients. Then add water for mixing.*

VARIATIONS

1 *Fruit Pudding.* Plain steamed pudding with 2-3 oz. dried fruit added to the sugar.

2 *Spice Pudding.* Plain steamed pudding with 2-3 oz. dried fruit and 2 level teaspoons mixed spice added to the sugar.

3 *Chocolate Pudding.* Plain steamed pudding with 3 level tablespoons cocoa and an additional ½ to 1 oz. sugar, or syrup added to the sugar.

A RICHER SPONGE PUDDING

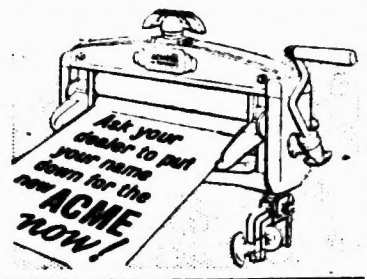
(*Enough for 4.*) *Ingredients:* 2 oz. fat, 2 oz. sugar, 1 dried egg, DRY, 2 tablespoons water, 4 oz. plain flour and 2 level teaspoons baking powder, or 4 oz. self-raising flour, a little milk, ★ *Method:* Cream fat and sugar, beat in egg dry, beat in water gradually. Add the flour mixed with the baking powder. Mix to a soft consistency with a little milk. Put this mixture in a basin and steam for 1 hour. Serve with jam or custard sauce.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 245

For five years I've dreamed about my new home—

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too—and both come out just perfect.

Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.



As good as they always were...

You get pre-war quality and the full alcoholic strength resulting from natural fermentation when you get V.P. wines; grapes from the vineyards of Empire are grown and gathered for their production here in England. No longer plentiful they are still moderately priced. No other wine can give you such satisfaction for

6/3

Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

POINT BRAND **V.P. wines**

RICH RUBY • SWEET WHITE • BRITISH SHERRY

"STONEHENGE HAS LASTED WELL"
"SO HAS MY GOOD OLD HERCULES"

Hercules CYCLES

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO · LTD · ASTON · BIRMINGHAM

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

The lights in her hair, the sparkle in her eyes—yes—the brilliance of her teeth... they are all overshadowed and forgotten as soon as people discover she is guilty of Oral Offence.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth clean. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*

1/1 *Including Tax*

Play Safe! use
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Twice a day

'CAMP'

Still contains ONLY good coffee, chicory and pure sugar

SCARCE BUT GOOD

"I say, this is excellent!"

"Of course it is. It's White Horse." "*But this tastes like pre-war whisky.*" "That's just what it is." "*How do you mean?*" "Well, the White Horse you get today was growing old when the war was young. It takes years to bring whisky to such perfection." "*But this is the sixth year of war.*" "Oh, it's no secret. They laid down large stocks of White Horse in the days of plenty. That's why the White Horse you get today—when you're lucky—is still as fine as a fine liqueur."

WHITE HORSE

MAXIMUM PRICES:—*Bottles* 25/9; *Half-bottles* 13/6.
as fixed by The Scotch Whisky Association.

Where's my BOURNVILLE COCOA?

Cadbury quality—and no points

He's learnt a lot about wireless...

That's why, when he comes back his new radio will have to be a real engineering job.

MARCONIPHONE
the REAL THING in Radio

After the war your local Marconi Man will once again be fully equipped to serve you — with new sets and technical advice.

March 24 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2023 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

THE PRICE OF CHILDREN

THE FAMILY ALLOWANCES BILL must be amended.

It offers a bright improvement on the dark days of pre-war poverty, when for most parents another mouth to feed meant hardship if not actual privation. But some of its most vital provisions are shadowy in their vagueness.

When is it to come into force? No date is given.

If the cost of living rises, will the child's allowance remain at five shillings? The Bill makes no mention of this point.

Moreover, the points that are met invite sharp criticism.

No allowance will be paid for a first child. Yet a first child requires as much food and clothing as its brothers and sisters.

For that matter, five shillings a week is gravely inadequate for any child.

Doctors tell us that no youngster can be kept in good health on such a sum.

In pre-war terms, it is worth only 3s. 6d.

PEOPLE WHO WANT children, it is argued, must bear part of the cost. Part, yes—but not so large a proportion as to make the rearing of children an economic misfortune.

The Government says the allowance is increased by "payments in kind." Not all children receive school meals and the like, however.

Again, the allowance is to be subject to income tax where the family is within the taxable class. Indeed, it may actually bring some families into the taxable group for the first time—so that they would be better off without the allowance!

To many of us, that seems a cynical proceeding. It makes nonsense of the official claim to "generosity."

There is no generosity. It is to the interests of us all that the nation's children should be as well cared-for as possible, for children are the source of the nation's future wealth.

It is not generous to add to our wealth. It is merely wise to do so. And the Bill before Parliament should therefore be rid of its niggardliness and its vagueness.

The Editor

WHEN GERMANY BREAKS

Confusion, Chaos, Paralysis. Budget Bleak House. Alluring Labels on Nasty Drinks. Income without Income-Tax. Mysteries of the V-Weapons

PIECEMEAL BREAK-UP of the German armies, their surrender in penny numbers (maybe over a long period), guerilla and civil war here and there in the Reich, public services falling apart, local government breaking up, food riots: such may be the appalling outcome of a Nazi fight to a finish.

For twelve years armed Germans have done administrative jobs which, in Britain, are done by elected persons. Outside the S.S., there is now no one in Germany capable of running a parish council.

So helpless does Fascism render a people, that nobody outside the Nazi Party can even organise surrender.

Nazis' Fastness

Into this macabre picture fits the military scene. While Eisenhower starts to sweep over the Rhine an otherwise inexplicable German offensive in Hungary portends the abandonment of North Germany, a last stand in the inner citadel: Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria.

To suppose that this offensive, in conjunction with a dramatic stroke north-eastward from the Morava Gap, should have major strategic objectives is to credit the Germans with more resources than they probably possess. It also suggests that the Russians are capable of neglecting to protect their flanks before thrusting to Berlin. It is more likely intended merely to safeguard the citadel.

One Nation Died

The suicide of a nation has happened before in living memory, on a smaller scale, but with catastrophic results.

From 1864 to 1870 the Paraguayan Dictator, Lopez, kept at bay Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay, mobilising even women and children. Whole battalions comprised boys aged twelve to fifteen.

Women used as transport animals were shot dead if they relaxed for an instant. By 1870, Paraguay's 1864 population of 1,337,439 had shrunk to 221,079—of whom only 28,746 were men.

Is Germany going the same way? Administrative breakdown has already set in. While the Air Ministry, Foreign Office and Ministry of the Interior have shifted to Munich, Hitler's Chancellery and the Nazi Party headquarters are at Berchtesgaden.

The distance is not great, but dispersal has dislocated the governmental machine. The farther from the centre, the greater the chaos.

Frantic Propaganda

EVEN GOEBBELS, his power waning fast, is reduced to spitting propaganda about as promising as a man's hopes of paying his rates out of prospective lottery winnings.

At San Francisco—he is telling the Germans—Allied differences will come to a head. The United Nations will fall asunder; Germany at last will come into her own.

Contrast this fantasia with the leaflets in Japanese now being dropped by the United States Air Force. They show pictures of American children enjoying sweets to their hearts' content!

Impact of "Too Much"

IF 'FRISCO FAILS, it will not be in the Goebbels way. There can be no real co-operation among the nations until we all realise that the world is in the throes of an acute industrial revolution caused by the impact of technological abundance on a civilisation whose business machine is still geared to scarcity.

It never occurs to Americans to give away to their own people the abundant output possible with their superior productive equipment. Instead, they want to sell it at a profit abroad, but without taking goods in payment.

This they can do, apart from being paid in gold, only by accepting other countries' I.O.U.s or buying up their fixed assets—exchanging goods for debt, the one-way system of world trade perfectly calculated to lead to war.

Von Rundstedt, as seen by Hall. He has hope of withstanding Eisenhower's sweep

Vichy Admiral

JAPANESE ARREST of Admiral Decoux, French Governor of Indo-China, may give him an alibi when he faces a treason trial after the war.

As naval commander-in-chief in June, 1940, he frustrated the attempt of the then Governor, General Catroux, to support de Gaulle—a move that might later have kept the Japs away from Singapore.

Unify the Command

WHAT'S ALL THIS FUSS about whether the British or the American Fleet is to blow the Japanese navy sky-high? Each has its part to play.

Unified command of all the Allied forces operating against Japan would make the most of British resources as well as American; of "Chungking" as well as "Communist" Chinese.

Meanwhile the Service Ministers, in their statements to the House of Commons, have publicised admirably the deeds of British fighting men everywhere.

JB insurance

OVER

£80,000

AIR RAID CLAIMS PAID

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against AIR RAIDS, as well as Bombardment by ROCKETS and FLY-BOMBS.

Airborne or Earthbound?

THE GOVERNMENT'S PLAN for post-war civil aviation, a compromise between State monopoly and free enterprise, may be enacted before the General Election.

So far as transport is confined within this country, the ideal would be an all-in public service including air, rail, road and coastwise traffic. Competition in practice does not work! Airplanes and motors would snatch light traffic from the railways, leaving them only heavy stuff like coal over which to spread their overhead charges

A world-wide air transport service under international control is similarly desirable; but America, where they still believe in the supposed virtues of unlimited competition, will have none of it.

"Nuts" Budget

THE TERSE NEGATIVE given by General McAuliffe to the Germans who invited him to surrender at Bastogne—"Nuts"—is the answer to taxpayers who ask what relief they will get in the Budget next month.

It is less a case of meeting the war's cost, about half of which is added to National Debt, than of taking away people's purchasing power and so obviating the steep price-rise that would ensue if all tried to buy in an ill-stocked market.

Until the goods get into the shops, taxation will continue to be heavy. The Chancellor has said it will be heavy "for years."

Full Shops Soon?

FULL SHOPS AGAIN SOON? Not if there is general acceptance of the pessimistic view, now being propagated very sedulously, that we cannot satisfy the immense pent-up consumer demand and, at the same time, devote labour and material to the re-equipment of our industries.

Coal-mines and cotton mills, for instance, admittedly need new machinery to bring them up to date. The better industry's technical plant is, the higher the possible standard of living.

Happily there is reason to think that, thanks to great technical improvements achieved during the war both here and in America, post-war industry will be capable of greater output than in pre-war days.

Having it Both Ways

Treasury statisticians, who are not starry-eyed optimists, said last year in the White Paper *Sources of War Finance* that 1943 British output exceeded that of 1938 by more than one-quarter. This year's version of the same White Paper, due next month, will reveal that 1944 output was up by one-third or more. (America last year nearly doubled her production over that of 1939.)

All this leads to the conclusion voiced recently by Mr. Lyttleton, Minister of Production, that the war will leave us with "greatly increased power to produce." So we can have consumer goods and capital equipment as well, provided there be full employment of our industrial resources.

Rising Prices

THESE NATIONAL INCOME FIGURES, expressed in terms of 1938 prices, will, of course differ from the actual ones because the price level has been rising.

Prices rise slowly in every war, then

RHINELAND UNITED

(The F.A. Continental tour started this week)

more sharply after it (the process is called "inflation"). A year or so passes, then they settle down—but always above the pre-war level.

After a war the £ buys less than before; but people have more £'s, so they soon adapt themselves to the changed conditions without feeling worse off.

Debts Diluted

Indeed, the rise in prices benefits most citizens in one respect; it makes debts less burdensome.

A farmer whose rent is £150 a year must grow 100 quarters of wheat to pay the rent when wheat is 30s. a quarter; but he need grow only 50 quarters to pay it if the price rises to 60s. a quarter. War-time inflation eases war debt burdens.

Indiscriminate

But inflation works unfairly. If it helps debtors, it hits creditors. It filches some of the value of the ex-Serviceman's gratuity, the munition worker's savings.

Workers, faced with dearer living, get higher wages through their trade unions. Pensioners must depend on Parliament, which can set a good example by scaling up old-age and Service pensions.

Bulls and Bears

Inflation hits war-loan holders, mortgagees and other receivers of fixed interest because their fixed incomes will buy less. Ordinary shareholders are not hit, because companies charge more for what they sell; profits rise, so do share prices.

That is why, when inflation gets steep at the end of a war, ordinary shares in industrial companies go up and gilt-edged go down. Smart Alicks after the last war got rich by selling "ordinaries" at the top of the 1920 boom, and holding on to their money to buy gilts at the bottom of the 1921 slump.

Picking Winners

The secret is to judge just when the boom is on top and the slump touches bottom. One method is to plot graphs of share prices from week to week and observe the trend of the curves. It sounds easy—and some people of otherwise quite limited intelligence actually find it easy.

You don't pay income-tax on share appreciation, and it offers a surer way of getting rich than dogs, horses, work or winning the V.C. It is bad citizenship; but it will continue until the value of the £, measured by what the £ will buy, is as constant as the yard measure or the pound weight—which should not be beyond the wit of man to contrive.

Work for Farmers

BRITISH FARMERS have ground for the hope that agriculture may get a better deal after this war than it did after the last.

The conference of forty-four nations at Hot Springs in 1943 agreed that most countries were underfed before the war, and that all countries should make adequate feeding a post-war priority.

Sir John Orr has shown that, even in Britain, half of us had a diet inadequate for health, while one-tenth of us were seriously underfed.

So, the more food produced here and elsewhere, the better! Let's get world agreement on a programme of output, each country growing a maximum of the stuff it can produce best.

Room for Imports

Why should anyone suppose that, if we grow more here, we shall want less from abroad?

Our January milk production, for instance, rose by 2,000,000 gallons over last year's, and by 12,000,000 gallons over that of the three pre-war Januarys—because we are consuming more liquid milk than ever, and it is good for us.

That is all the more reason why we should want butter and cheese from the Dominions.

Redundant Railway

RAILWAY REGROUPING, to make the four systems one, would relieve congested main lines by diverting traffic to a trunk route under-used for years.

With no new construction at all, the line into Marylebone Station, London, now running only two expresses daily, could take from overcrowded Paddington some of the Great Western's Birmingham and Midlands passenger traffic.

Short spur lines near Loughborough and Rugby would relieve the overworked routes into St. Pancras and Euston. The net result would be a reasonably full use of underworked Marylebone.

This railway was opened as the Great Central so recently as 1899. Purely competitive and wholly superfluous, it has never justified its cost. It could have a future.

V1 and V2 for Sixpence

FOR FAR-SIGHTED COMMON SENSE: the British easily lead the Germans in air offensive weapons. Whereas the ten-ton bomb fell just where it was meant to fall on the Bielefeld viaduct, V1's and V2's do military damage very seldom—and then by pure chance. Often they do no damage at all.

For sixpence anyone may peep behind the air war scene; and the vivid story of the fight against the Y-weapons is only one of many real thrills at the "To Victory with the R.A.F." exhibition. This, organised by the *Daily Herald* and the Air Ministry, opens next Tuesday in the Dorland Hall, Regent-street, to benefit the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Foul Fluids

FINES OF £50 with twenty guineas costs seem a trifling penalty for selling, as cocktails, a methylated spirit concoction likely, as the public analyst told an Aylesbury court, to cause blindness or even death.

If the law cannot prevent such stuff being offered for sale to publicans, the law needs strengthening.

Label's Lure

But why do folks fall for labels? One brand in the Aylesbury case was called "Paradise," though the stuff's only connection with Paradise was that it was likely to hurry you there.

Words like "sherry" and "champagne," as used on labels, ought to be legally restricted to the products of the Jerez and Rheims areas respectively. To apply them otherwise is to play on the public credulity.

They Grow Old

SOCCER PROFESSIONALS now in the Forces will have to be reinstated, says the Government. They are too old, reply the clubs—many of which are hard up, anyhow.

But could not the players be compensated from the £120,000 of liquid assets acquired by the Football Association between the wars?

The Russian Ring

SOVIET BOXERS may figure in post-war European championship contests. The recent Moscow competition attracted 165 entries.

The Red Army has popularised the sport, which has been made compulsory as part of the training of certain units.

Dreary Dogs

GREYHOUND RACING circles are disturbed by agitation behind the scenes for longer races.

All you get now is four minutes of actual racing during a whole afternoon—eight races each lasting about thirty seconds. "The dogs" can be dreary.

Soviet Sincerity

RUSSIAN GOOD FAITH, of which the Prime Minister spoke so cordially in the House of Commons, is the subject of appreciation in *Fairplay*, the shipping journal, which quotes an authoritative shipping opinion that there has not been a single Russian claim against an Allied ship in a Russian port during the war—in contrast with experience elsewhere abroad.

Holiday Food

SEASIDE RESORTS are having increased supplies of rationed foods to meet the needs of the anticipated visitors during the forthcoming holiday season, according to a reply given by Col. Llewellyn in the House of Commons.

With regard to unrationed foods, the Minister added, the trades concerned were being asked to adjust distribution to meet the extra needs of the resorts.

This is good news, and the public hopes the Minister's words will be made good. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, even if there is a war on.

Ask the Housewife!

INCIDENTALLY, A DISTINGUISHED ACTRESS suggests that our rations should be cut in order to help the Liberated Countries.

A kindly thought. But is it practicable? A cut might produce malnutrition here and thus merely add to the general evil.

And probably the best people to decide would be the ordinary housewives who now find shopping a perpetual headache—not Ministry experts or even distinguished actresses who can afford to live in hotels or supplement their rations by dining in expensive restaurants.

Science Advances

SEVEN FEET OF ICE can be cut through by the new icebreaker *Mackinaw*, just put into service on the Great Lakes after being built at a cost of £2,500,000.

At each end of the summer she will add three weeks to the period during which ocean-going vessels can get to and from Lake Superior, a thousand miles from salt water.

More Crime

CRIME IS INCREASING, according to reports now being submitted to the Home Office from police authorities throughout the country. One locality says the amount of crime is up by 300 per cent. in comparison with that of 1938.

Convictions for indictable offences have more than doubled in quite a number of areas, mostly urban.

This sort of thing—disquieting to those who attribute crime to poverty—almost invariably happens, of course, during a war; and it is due to the operation of a number of influences. Shortage of policemen is a lesser cause; the accustoming of young people's minds to the idea of violence is a much more important contributory factor.

A certain type of film, too, may not be without its effect: have you never seen boys, playing in the street, handling toy revolvers in approved American gangster style?

Clear-Cut

MR. CHARLES BOOT, President of the Federation of Master Builders, writes to say that he feels our recent comments on the Government's housing problem leave the impression that he had recommended builders to refuse to co-operate.

He declares that the industry will throw its entire weight into building in accord with any policy which the Government may determine. But he still insists that the building of houses *to let* is impracticable for private enterprise, or for local authorities, unless rents go up or there is subsidy.

We gladly make his views known.

INSIDE BATTLE HEADQUARTERS

How a battle "works" is told in life-like detail

by STANLEY BISHOP
War Correspondent

OUR TANKS ARE NOSING into a Rhineland village. Infantry are moving up steadily in support across the turnip fields. Behind, a whole brigade is rolling forward; troops are spread across the countryside.

Shells are pounding the approach road, coming from the reverse side of that farther hill. But the gun flashes are spotted by the artillery observer in the tiny Auster plane.

He calls for counter-battery action. We can see the black mushrooms of smoke from the shell bursts rising behind the hill. Good shooting, for the German guns become silent.

Tanks and men are well into the village by now. Germans are coming out to surrender. The tanks move on again. Red Cross jeeps collect the wounded. A military police section takes over traffic control at the cross roads.

"Send this message," says an officer, and a signaller talks to a radio telephone.

A few minutes later—in a partly ruined schoolhouse miles away—a lieutenant-colonel is handed the signal, and, as he reads it, alters a coloured crayon marking on a large-scale wall map.

Miles farther away again, to places through which the war passed months ago, other officers are receiving a repeat of that short signal and are amending their maps.

How "Signals" Works

Finally the chain of signal communication ends in a famous French Cathedral town—at Advanced Supreme Headquarters, where General Eisenhower, and Tedder of the Royal Air Force, his deputy, work with their chiefs of staff.

You should understand that chain. It runs in three parallels to the Army Groups—Montgomery's 21st, Bradley's 12th, and Devers' 6th.

Then it divides to the respective armies, from the army it goes on to the corps, from corps to divisions, and from divisions to brigades or regiments (according to British or American organisation) until it reaches the most advanced units.

As we press forward into Germany these signal lines of wire and wireless stretch and stretch.

Throughout, at the junctions of the signal channels, there are headquarters where battles are fought and traced on the maps of operations rooms.

Each headquarters has its different scope, and its own particular atmosphere.

Only august SHAEF has the complete picture of what is happening in every section of the line from the North Sea to the Mediterranean.

Over Before it Begins

An Army Group has the picture of its two or more armies. So the campaign perspective becomes narrower and more confined the nearer you are to the actual fighting.

With Army Headquarters the battle is, in effect, over before it begins. By that paradox I mean that the staff at Army G.H.Q. does its planning days ahead of any attack. They are the architects of the main scheme. The tactical handling of troops in battle is the task of subordinate commanders and their staffs at corps and division—particularly at divisions.

Army headquarters must organise intricate matters of supply and reinforcement. They must not overlook any contingency likely to arise

Here is an example of the provision against emergency which an Army Headquarters makes. It was anticipated that in the recent attack across the Roer River, which carried the Allies so speedily to Cologne and the gates of the Ruhr, that the Germans would flood the valley from the up-river dams, hoping to make the land impassable to vehicles.

So a survey was made of every gravel pit within a hundred miles. The yield of each pit was scheduled. Excavators were kept ready, working parties detailed and transport assembled. When the need came for remaking roads and smoothing out flooded surfaces, thousands and thousands of tons of gravel were moved without delay.

It is to Army Headquarters that the front line reporters from the British and American newspapers and agencies are attached. From their Press Camp, under the army umbrella, they go out each day.

It is usual for an army commander to visit his Press Camp some days prior to a battle, and confide to the correspondents the "top secret" of his plans. There are briefings every day on the land and air fighting.

Messages for Our Troops

Now on to Corps. The headquarters to which I am taking you are in what was once a spacious Catholic school.

We are in the operations room, over which a full colonel presides. He has representatives of all staff branches with him, on duty or at call. Messages flow in constantly from the signals centre and the decoding room where those wonderful machines—a cross between a typewriter and a mechanical mathematician—transcribe a jumble of letters and figures into clear language.

One whole side of the room is taken up with a map of the Rhine country. The map is covered with thin cellophane on which the whole incident of the battlefield is shown in variously coloured and grease-proof crayons. The location of each division, brigade and battalion is marked.

Most interesting are the arrows of the day's objectives—the places that must be taken. And as the arrows are shifted you see in the map how the battle goes from hour to hour.

The other wall, across the room, holds a great mosaic made up from aerial photographs of the country across which the corps is fighting. These mosaics depict everything—lines of fox-holes, trenches, anti-tank ditches, concrete strong points, battery locations, and low altitude stereoscopic reproductions of towns. Study the mosaic and you see exactly the obstacles the troops are having to overcome.

On a third wall hangs the corps personnel statement made up to midnight. It shows the strength of the corps: the number of troops, the casualties of the previous day—killed, wounded and missing for each unit—a medical return of sickness, the number of prisoners captured and cleared, and a detail of the replacements arriving from base.

The idea of every operations room is to have instantly available all possible intelligence and actual returns.

"Ops." Room at divisional H.Q. is the cellar of a former German glider factory. It is a small-scale reproduction of the corps room, but accommodation is limited, and everything is rather crowded.

Before the objectives map in the "ops." room the divisional general stands. His chief of staff is reading the messages. As each comes in, a junior officer alters the map accordingly.

"That village is giving us trouble." The general indicates a spot on the map where the flags loiter behind the broad sweep of the advance.

"Lost three tanks getting there, sir," says the chief of staff. "The infantry are calling for more artillery support."

"You've given it?"

"Did that right away, sir."

For a few moments there is quiet in the room. The general frowns at the map—the men held up are his old regiment. A good deal depends on them. He is just back from a tour of their section, knows at first hand every inch of the ground. He'd give a lot to be leading them now.

A telephone rings.

"Second battalion reporting, sir. B company's on the move."

"Good." The general eyes the map closely. "It's that ridge," he says. "Once they get that, they'll be all right."

"Kill and Win" General

Again the telephone.

"B Company—held up, sir."

"Casualties?"

"Fairly heavy, I'm afraid, sir."

The other telephones start ringing, reports of progress from the other sectors pile up. But the general's gaze always comes back to the spot on the map where the men he knows so well are having a tough time of it. A word from him and the reserves will move up in support; but reserves are precious. . . .

It was not planned that at this stage there should be any use of reserves.

I wish you could see that divisional general as I have seen him, under stress of battle, with a decision to be made. He is one of the very best—a man who never orders his troops to go where he would not willingly lead them. They call him "Old Kill and Win" in the ranks.

Will they make it—or must he call up the reserves?

Just as he is about to speak the telephone rings again.

"B Company? . . . Yes, I see. Good."

The chief of staff grins.

"They've done it, sir."

A flag moves forward, then another. The telephones ring, and keep on ringing. A third flag moves up, the dent in our line of advance becomes a bulge. The general stands more buoyantly.

The men of his old regiment are on the move.

A signals man in a fox-hole near Cleves keeps headquarters in touch with the front

Stretcher-bearers plod along the rough road beside the river Roer. Before the battle, gravel pits for a hundred miles were surveyed for road building

Argument

SHOULD SOCCER STARS BE PAID ON MERIT?

£8 a week is not much, as things are, for expert players. Should they be paid according to their market price?

for

1. A man should be paid what he is worth. In association football it is individual players who draw the crowds. They are entitled to a fair share of the money they bring in.

2. A writer is paid because his name increases a paper's circulation. Soccer stars like Lawton and Matthews are worth another 5,000 spectators wherever they play.

3. The "life" of a soccer pro. is hazardous and short. Few of them last ten years, and at present rates of pay saving for the future is impossible.

4. Few players have a secondary trade or profession to fall back on, and in any case to keep in first-class soccer nowadays takes all a man's time and energy.

5. Professionals in other sports are paid, either in fees or in prize money, according to their skill. There are no prizes in soccer, and very few commercial fields in which extra money can be picked up by the soccer pro.

against

1. Soccer is a team game. Individual brilliance is all very well, but how many famous wingers, for example, owe their success to brilliant "feeding" from less-known halfbacks or inside forwards? How can you estimate who is the real star of a perfect team?

2. Soccer clubs are rarely rich. They pay their players fairly in view of the general financial position of the game, give them a percentage of any transfer fee, and try to see that each man has an alternative means of earning his living.

3. If clubs could lure players from their rivals with a promise of higher pay the game would become entirely commercialised, and the rich club would get all the crack players.

4. If one man in a team earned more than the rest the whole team-spirit would be jeopardised.

5. Football is the poor man's sport. Big payments to professionals would mean increased admission charges.

HOUSING MUDDLE

OPEN LETTER to the Premier, Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—This letter is not a bad-tempered snarl. It is a word of warning from a friend who, though outspoken enough on occasion concerning your past, respects your integrity.

Six years ago our country needed weapons—you saw that we got them. Now we need houses. Have you shown the same drive in getting these? Frankly, you have not.

One year of your boasted four-year plan has been utterly wasted. Why?

The answer, I suspect, is that our war position was so desperate when you took over that it justified a ruthless overriding of private interests. Now that the danger is passed these interests are again at work, and you appear unwilling to override them.

Yet houses are as vital now as weapons were then, and if you do not deliver them you and your colleagues will be thrown from power as surely as the Prime Minister whom you yourself displaced.

I am prepared to believe that you mean well, but my investigations have convinced me that you are surrounded and influenced by many whose intentions are less admirable.

Why did you lend your name to so hopeless a muddle as the Portal house? Did somebody sell you a pup or, rather, a pup kennel? In your housing speech of a year ago you claimed that this steel-constructed dwelling would solve the housing shortage, the over-expansion of the steel industry, and the post-war labour situation at one blow. Did you know, when you made those claims, that the plans were incomplete, that none of the basic research had been done, and that a hastily compiled dossier had been assembled for your approval without the problem receiving proper consideration?

If any of the D-Day equipment, the Mulberry, let us say, or the invasion barges, had been designed on these haphazard lines, the result would have been national disaster.

Mr. Prime Minister, Housing is to-day a national disaster.

Rivalry and Selfishness

Private interests are pushing their own policies regardless of the needs of the nation. There is senseless rivalry between building and engineering firms. No single Ministry is responsible for housing policy, and each Minister concerned, in private if not in public, is blaming the others for the virtual standstill which faces us.

You, as Prime Minister, are the only man in Britain with power to end this chaos. I long to see a flash of the old fire, a clear pronouncement from you which will send the jobbers scuttling to shelter, galvanise the faint-spirited members of your team and set every relevant industry humming to produce the houses we need.

You are a fighter, a man whose greatest achievements have been won in battle. Make no mistake about it, it is a battle which faces you now.

There are only two main points to be decided in your campaign: Where to put the houses. How to build them.

As to the first point, no intelligible answer has been forthcoming. The returning soldier is in danger of being denied by vested interests the very earth on which his house should be built.

As to the second, I know that the houses can be provided once a decision is taken. Tom Johnston, the Secretary of State for Scotland, has had 36,000 houses completed during the war by a total labour force of only 3,500.

How? He'll tell you, I think, that he succeeded because he had absolute authority. He knows that most local authorities have land available for at least a start to be made on the job of providing homes for our people.

Labour, of course, is the main problem. Skilled building craftsmen should therefore be released from the Services; other building operatives should receive top priority when demobilisation becomes general.

My Six-Point Programme

Actually the whole line of action can be summarised in six points:

1. Let independent experts not tied to building firms or self-justifying Ministries fix a national-standard house.

2. Make a true census to find precisely how many houses of standard type are required.

3. Make an independent census of the building industry to gauge its capacity when restored to a healthy, economic size.

4. Set up an organisation of engineers, scientists and architects to consider how mass-produced, prefabricated dwellings can supplement the bricks-and-mortar programme.

5. If we cannot have a Minister of Housing with the powers given to the Minister of Aircraft Production after the Battle of Britain, then make the Minister of Works supply chief for housing. He should be responsible for obtaining the necessary materials and labour, and for the actual building operations.

6. Let the Minister of Health, representing the "consumer," plan the houses, the Minister of Town and Country Planning see that adequate land is provided in the right places.

Only thus shall we get the 4,000,000 or more houses needed to remedy the shortage. Only thus will the present muddle be remedied. And unless you get into action quickly public impatience will become public fury.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Churchill once learned to lay bricks himself. Now he must see that others lay them

Human Machine

Old-Fashioned

SOMEONE ASKED ME the other day what rudeness was. It was a very pertinent question and not nearly as silly as it might sound.

"I don't know just what it is," he said, "because obviously what may appear to be rudeness in many cases isn't anything of the sort. Take little children, for instance."

People often say that they are rude. They're not really: they are just trying to be clever, or funny, or grown-up. They say and do things that their elders may think rude, but the children don't think they are.

Rudeness obviously must be deliberate and *meant*. You can't be rude to someone unless you *intend* to be rude.

That's what being rude means. And it is clearly something that no well-bred person does.

There is a good deal of snobbery about rudeness. To be rude to someone you must feel yourself superior.

It is sometimes considered smart to be rude—but only by the ill-bred and the ill-educated. Genuine people, old-fashioned people if you like, find it is so much better to be tolerant and courteous. They find that the old-fashioned virtues pay.

Tolerance and consideration for the feelings of others are not among the glamorous virtues. You don't get medals for using them.

But you do get something much more worth while. You get the respect, the friendship, and the affection of those with whom you have to rub shoulders as you go about this old world.

FACES ON THE LEFT

by HANNEN SWAFFER

Dreams of a new Britain need vigorous men to translate them into reality. There are many outstanding personalities on the left—but where is the burning voice which will lead and inspire the country's millions to action?

BRITAIN IS GOING LEFT, in general outlook if not in political alignment.

Suspicious of all who were willing to appease even Hitler so long as war was delayed during their own lifetime, contemptuous of Tradition, in which it sees Caste and Privilege overriding the aspirations of the many, it would welcome a change.

But what sort of change it does not know.

Who, or what, can inspire it into that revival-it unity necessary before vested interests can be swept aside and a way to Progress opened despite the obstacles of Money, Land, and Class?

Liberalism, which promises full employment in a free society, has thrown up only three new personalities—Sir William Beveridge, who is sixty-six years old, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, the brilliantly eloquent daughter of the late Lord Oxford and his first wife, and Lady Rhys-Williams, daughter of the glamorous Elinor Glyn and the creator of a social security plan of her own. Only the first-named sits in Parliament.

Beveridge, who is said to be worth a million votes to Liberalism, is the Brain, and Lady Violet is the Voice. But of what?

"The Liberal Party is dead," I once said to Lloyd George, "not because it has lost, but because it has won. It has reached its main objectives. It can no longer shout such things as 'Down with the Lords!' which once roused us to frenzy."

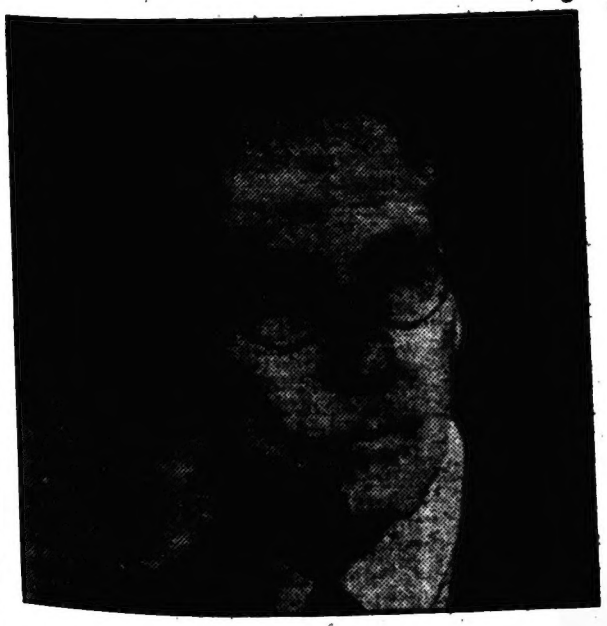
Will Defeat Its Own Objects

As for "The Land for the People," it no longer seems to believe it. The Nonconformist Conscience is silent. Liberals, as I see, are destined to become a small minority dedicated to preserving individual liberty in a planned system.

The more votes Liberalism gets, unless I guess wrongly, the more it will ensure the return of many Tories who, but for it, would have no chance. So it will defeat its own objects.

New, too, on the Left are unofficial Socialists like Sir Richard Aland, who gave his estates to the nation, and Tom Wintringham, whose experience in the Spanish war would have been put by Whitehall, had it been less class-conscious, in high command of the Home Guard. Both lead Common Wealth, destined for early death.

Then among the Independents are Willie Brown, the self-isolated and strong-willed leader of the Civil Servants, for whom he has done much; Tom Driberg, a columnist who unexpectedly soon emerged, after his by-election victory, as a relentless critic of the Secretary for War and as a champion of unpopular causes; and Vernon Bartlett, whose breadth of view on foreign affairs is based on travel, experience, and personal contact. Brown, but that he hates discipline and "wants to get a move on," would be back in the Labour Party. Driberg and Bartlett would give it added platform strength, were Driberg allowed to join it and were Bartlett induced to do so.



Philip Noel-Baker is fitted for the Foreign Office

Now I come to Labour, already the second Party in the land. It has a blue-print for a New Britain. It has worked out a planned economy. It has at least a dozen men, already in the Government or on the Opposition front bench, as fit to become successful Ministers as any of the Tories, including Churchill and Eden.

Hugh Dalton will probably be Foreign Minister, where he was once Arthur Henderson's deputy, in the next Labour Government. Bevin or Morrison could, better than almost anyone else in the land, fill any of the big administrative posts; indeed, they do it now.

Shinwell, who has made great strides as a Parliamentarian during the war, and who was such an admirable Minister of Mines that he was the only man, except Morrison, whom MacDonald tried to induce to join him when he ratted in 1931, is marked out for a high place.

Ellen Wilkinson, who piloted the Hire-Purchase Act through the House with a masterly skill when she was a private Member, has proved herself, as Morrison's second-in-command in the Ministry of Home Security, the most successful of the women members of the Government. Once a "Red," she has become practical, but intolerant of the criticism that was once voiced.

Convictions and Sincerity

Philip Noel-Baker, stupidly sent to the Ministry of Transport when his training as Arthur Henderson's unpaid secretary at Geneva had fitted him for the Foreign Office—he knows languages, Europe, and most of the Continental diplomats personally—is another statesman of high promise. They say "He lacks only judgment." That really means he is a Quaker with convictions and a deep sincerity of humanness.

The most outstanding, though, of all the new Ministers is George Tomlinson, a cotton-worker with a Lancashire accent and a Lancashire stalwartness. He introduced the Disabled Persons Bill with a speech that really moved the House and explained its details with a grasp of his subject that made him rank among war-time's real "discoveries." A tower of strength for Bevin to lean on during his own Herculean labours, he is destined for front-line leadership.

Two miners now in junior positions in the Government have a future—Tom Smith, of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, and Tom Williams, who qualified for the Ministry of Agriculture years ago by long and careful study of farming in all its aspects.

Then there is J. Chuter Ede, son of an Epsom grocer, a Cambridge graduate, a teacher, and now at the Board of Education.

John Wilmot, recently made Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, is a business man of modern views and broad sympathies; comparatively new to Parliament, where he first went after a stirring "Peace" election in West Fulham, he is bound to go far.

Among the best of Labour's back-benchers are James Griffiths, former president of the South Wales Miners' Federation; Creech Jones, once secretary of the Workers' Travel Association, and a clever politician who has mastered Colonial problems both by study and near-by observation; Lewis Silkin, who became a real expert on housing on the London County Council; and Alderman Charles Key, who, as Deputy Commissioner for London, helped so ably to master the blitz and who is an expert on local government, which, as the years pass, will more and more have to learn how to share responsibility with Whitehall.

Outside Parliament, the trade union movement has thrown up two youngish enthusiasts—men of splendid capacity—Jack Tanner, of the Engineers, and John Horner, organising chief of the Fire Brigades Union. Tanner has a much more expanded outlook than most of his seniors and is a first-rate speaker. Horner won for the fire-fighting heroes of the blitz the right to make munitions in their spare time, and did a vast deal to reinspire their enthusiasm when Officialdom was adopting a brass-hat attitude.

Day-to-day Struggles

Both these men would do well in the House. But how much more can Labour deplete its industrial ranks to strengthen its Parliamentary representation? Its trade union side, inevitably narrowed in outlook by the sheer necessity of its fight for a bread-and-butter existence, needs younger men who can see something beyond a little more per hour and better working conditions.

They start off with dreams of a New World. Soon, too often, these are dissipated by unceasing day-to-day struggles for decency of treatment in the factories and workshops, yes, even for a bare living wage!

I have named several potential Ministers. But where is the Voice of Labour? That is urgently needed for the achievement of power.

Attlee, wise counsellor though even his Tory colleagues acclaim him to be, has no platform appeal. Morrison, who is in charge of the election campaign, is persuasive but not impassioned.

Aneurin Bevan and Emanuel Shinwell now attract the largest audiences everywhere. But Bevan, deft Parliamentarian although he has become, has so far confined himself to acid criticism, baiting Churchill, and annoying Tories.

Who is to inspire the workers to enter the Promised Land?

Who has burning eloquence, practical ability and personality, all in one? Who, by sheer force of oratorical logic, can attract into Labour's ranks the millions of disillusioned Servicemen and the vast hosts in the middle-class—black-coat workers and the professional men and women—who yearn for a braver world, comfortable homes, beautiful towns, and security in old age? I do not know.

But, leaving out Churchill, suspected and ignored for years, I should say the same thing of the Tories. . . .

There are no giants in the land to-day.

Creech Jones has studied and solved Colonial problems

FARM HOLIDAYS WITH PAY

1945 prospects are surveyed by a JOHN BULL Investigator

EARLY NEXT MONTH the first of the Ministry of Agriculture harvest camps for the 1945 season will be got ready for occupation.

It is in Devonshire and is for women only. The local name for it is alluring, but—in view of the hard work which the volunteer harvesters will be doing—perhaps unfortunate. It is called "Dreamland."

All through the Spring and summer, until October, other camps will be functioning in all parts of the country. The total projected number during the peak periods of hay and grain harvests is two hundred.

This is a crisis year in British agriculture. The farmers face a desperate labour problem. They cannot, as in former war years, expect any assistance from the military authorities.

A bare minimum of 200,000 adult workers is needed, with as many thousands of school boys and girls as can be persuaded to work on the farms for a part or all of their holidays.

"Lend a hand on the land" is a good, appealing slogan. But it will not be effective unless the mistakes of omission and commission which hampered the harvest camp scheme last year are remedied.

JOHN BULL brought to light many of the deficiencies. There was, for example, one centre, which the "internees" declared should have been more properly classified as a concentration camp than a holiday-harvest camp.

Better Start this Year

There was another at which the work was so slack that the volunteers earned only a few shillings a week, against which they had paid in advance 28s. for accommodation and meals.

It was understandable why the labour record of the camps was disappointing. The total number of volunteer workers was poor. Only 107,000 adults—according to the complete returns—and 67,500 schoolchildren attended the camps. This year the number must be increased if the crops are to be gathered.

Fortunately, the Ministry of Agriculture is ensuring that Harvest Camps in 1945 will be as successful as forethought and safeguards can make them.

The whole scheme has been much more carefully engineered. Advice has been sought from experts, and the administration tightened up in the light of past experiences. One trouble was the manner in which general inquiries and applications to attend camps were dealt with. Frequently there was delay and confusion.

People anxious to give help to the farmers lost interest when, after their original letters were formally acknowledged, they heard no more. Left "in the blue," they naturally grew disgruntled and indignant.

There should be no case like that of a 1944 volunteer who, wishing to take his wife and family to camp for a part of their precious holiday, telephoned to his district office because, only two days before expecting to leave, he had heard nothing.

Where to Apply

Six recruiting centres have been specified for this season:

London and Home Counties: Bickenhall Mansions, Marylebone Road, W.1.

North Eastern area: New Street Chambers, York.

North Western: Arkwright House, Deansgate, Manchester.

Midlands: Edmund Street, Birmingham.

South Wales: St. John's Square, Cardiff.

South Western: Pitt Street, Gloucester.

It is a sensible step to have the London, Home Counties and Southern area headquarters in London, conveniently placed with adequate accommodation. Formerly this important accumulation of counties was administered from Pinner, in Middlesex. Naturally this was very inconvenient, as the majority of volunteers came from London itself.

Each of those six offices will be responsible for the camps in their zone. Through them the volunteers will be passed to the localities where they can best be of service.

The inflow of recruits will be co-ordinated with the requirements of the farmers. The whole organisation has been planned to work as smoothly as that used by the Army for the movement of reinforcements for units in the war theatres. At least that is what is hoped.

Feeding Well

Camps will be better equipped in the essentials of moderate comfort, hygiene and sanitation. They will be better staffed, particularly in the kitchens. Nothing causes discontent and grumbles like badly cooked meals, especially since volunteer workers are entitled to extra rations. On this score there should be no complaints.

Special attention is also being given to recreational facilities in the camp workers' free time. There will be a camps' welfare section. Amusements—so far as facilities are available—will be arranged, with concerts, discussion groups, and so forth.

There is no reason why there should not be a series of E.N.S.A. entertainment troop tours to the larger camps.

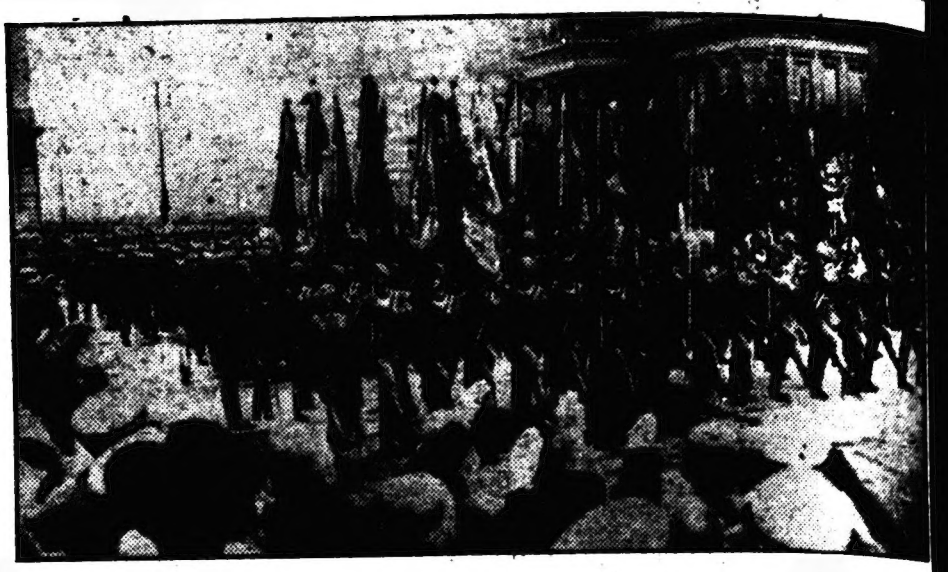
Frequent visits of inspection will be paid by Ministry of Agriculture officials to see that all the paper schemes work out in practice.

Certainly the Ministry has taken sensible action to eliminate in advance causes for possible complaint, or minor scandals. It has set out this year with the best intentions. How those intentions bear fruit remains to be seen.

Alfred Dann, general secretary to the National Union of Agricultural Workers, says, "The position is desperate. We need all the outside help we can get. If we do not get it our food position will deteriorate grievously."

Harvest camp volunteers will be doing a fine job. How well we shall eat will depend on them.

This North London Girl, who works in a Government office, enjoyed her farm holiday last September



The world paid little heed when Hitler's troops goose-stepped through Prussia's capital in 1936. Now we must see that it can never happen again

THE LAST OF PRUSSIA

by A. G. GARDINER

GERMAN POWER IS MORTALLY STRICKEN in two spheres—the material and the spiritual. The invasion from the West has reduced the Ruhr to rubble.

This means that Germany's powerhouse is destroyed and that her ability to wage effective war is at its last gasp. This is the material "Knock-out."

The invasion from the East has immense material consequences, too. But it has also spiritual consequences which in the long run may make it the more momentous invasion of the two.

For it has stabbed Prussianism at its heart. It has killed the legend on which the whole fabric of German militarism has been erected.

The multitudes that are in flight from East Prussia, Pomerania and Brandenburg are carrying throughout Germany a message that may well change the current of European history.

We Failed to Finish the Job

Prussia has fallen. The days of Berlin are numbered. The tyranny that has hag-ridden Europe for two centuries is in the dust.

This is news indeed. If it had come in the same visible fashion after the last war this war might have been avoided. For the doctrine of the invincibility of Prussian arms could not have survived visible defeat to soak Europe in blood a second time.

When Asquith at the beginning of the last war said that we "would not sheathe the sword until we had destroyed Prussian militarism" he went to the heart of the trouble.

But in the end we sheathed the sword without leaving the monster an indisputable corpse. We left him with power to rise, reincarnated, in fifteen years and capable in twenty years of bringing the whole structure of the world to complete ruin.

War is Their Only Trade

This terrible mistake must not be repeated now. The dragon must be slain finally beyond all possibility of resurrection. And in crushing it in its own homeland the Russians have taken the first step to that end. When the end is achieved the evil spirit of Europe will be exorcised.

For Prussia is the only country left in Europe whose trade is war. In p centuries most other countries have some time traded in war—Spa France, Turkey, Russia, Swede Austria, Britain—all have had th times of madness and their dreams conquest.

But wisdom has come to them wi experience and years. Prussia alo remains what it has always been, State whose sole business is w "Prussia," said Mirabeau in the ti of Frederick the Great, "Prussia is n a State which possesses an army: it an army that has conquered a natio

It was an army of slaves, disciplin with a rod of iron, hardened in crim brutalised by flogging. "My me said Frederick, "must fear the officers more than the enemy."

With this terrific instrument, t war lords of Prussia expanded the dominion from the wastes of Brande burg over the pretty principalities Germany, to the Rhine, to the Danub along the Baltic.

They were hated, but they we feared and they triumphed. The Ele tors of Brandenburg became Kings Prussia, the Kings became Germ Emperors.

Hitler's Model State

But always it was the sword Prussia that held sway. Always it w the General Staff at Berlin, officer by the Prussian junker class, that c its shadow wider and wider ov Europe.

No matter who was the figurehe of the Colossus—Bismarck, Kai Wilhelm, Hitler—it was Prussia and P war-lords who called the tune a kept the world in tremors.

Even in Hitler's Third Reich Prus was the driving power. It had becom the most populous and territorially t biggest state of Germany. Within boundaries was the major part Germany's material resources, co zinc, lead, copper.

In 1925, for example, Prussia pr duced over 118,000,000 tons of coal, s it was the Prussian coal syndicate th for generations regulated the prices coal in the whole of Germany.

There are other sources of Prussi predominance. Her railways, wat ways, communication systems are t

st efficient in the Reich. And her session of Pomerania, the "Garden Germany," makes her almost a self- tained "Herren State" among the rrenvolk. If Deutschland is "ueber es," Prussia is master of Deutsch- nd.

And it is the Prussian spirit, its ruth- sness, its cruelty, its treachery, its ng, its terrorism, that Hitler has de his model. He has carried it to rees of barbarity that would have ocked even Frederick, who drew the e at the wholesale massacre of illians.

Dominion Over the Mind

But he has been true to its spirit and slogans. "We shall battle around til our damned enemies condescend make peace," said Frederick, when was in a tight corner.

And that is practically Hitler's last- tch strategy. He "battles around," ckless of the ruin of his people, in the pe that his enemies will fall out and ve his neck from the rope.

It follows from all this that the first d most imperious object of the war the destruction of Prussia. She is e brain, the will, the Satanic energy Germany.

It is her dominion over the mind of ermany that has, twice in one gene- ation, made a shambles of Europe. If at dominion is allowed to revive, urope will be a shambles again.

For war is the only trade that Prus- a understands, respects or lives for, nd there is no hope for Germany hile it remains under the leadership that evil power.

"Bismarck made Germany great and e Germans small," said Georg von unsen. Prussia has made them slaves the war god, and there can be no ecure peace for Europe or for the orld until the Prussian fetters are truck from their limbs.

Ending a Legend

The first blow has been delivered in his great enterprise. Prussian pres- ige has been shattered. Her armies re defeated, her territories over-run, er great bastion has fallen. The most acred soil of the Teutonic Knights of ld is in enemy occupation.

All this means more than loss of erritory to Germany. It means the oss of a faith which has conquered hem, crazed them and betrayed them. hat faith is founded on the invinci- ility of Prussian arms, and on the itle of Prussia to the hegemony of Germany.

The discovery that this faith is a myth cannot fail to have vast reper- cussions throughout Germany. It will revive and make active the old hatred of the domineering Prussian.

It destroys the legend of the Herren- volk—the master race that was to inherit the earth. It carries the impli- cation that where Prussia has failed the rest of Germany cannot hope to succeed. It should paralyse all the Nazi attempts to organise guerilla warfare in other and more defensible parts of Germany.

And it should prove the way to the nal extinction of that Prussian mili- arism which is the last sanctuary of the professional war-mongers in Europe. It is for the Allies to concert the plans that will cut out the cancer and effect the isolation of the plague spot of Prussia from the body of Germany.

Their opportunity is great. On the wisdom with which they use it the future of mankind must largely depend.

WHAT THE AMERICANS Think About Us

The writer of this article is a British journalist now serving as an Army officer. Before the war he lived for five years in the United States

WHAT DO THE ORDINARY men and women in the United States say about us? What do Uncle Sam's boys who fought beside our boys think of Britain? It is their opinion that matters—far more than the polite platitudes of statesmen or the loud abuse of the anti-British press. And we must understand their viewpoints if we are to march with them when victory is won.

At Wenatchee, in the lovely state of Washington, I met an American citizen who had been a plumber in the East End of London. Migrating to America, he worked as a janitor in a Seattle bank.

When gunmen attempted a hold-up, the Cockney janitor defied them. The bank rewarded him with the gift of some derelict land which it had left on its hands. With his wife and three boys he worked hard, and when I met him he owned 80 acres of the finest apple-growing land in Washington.

Curse of the Old Country

"Sure, I've been lucky," he said. "But in this country a man can better himself and his children far more easily than in England. My three sons have all graduated from the University of Washington. They're professional men now, and it's no handicap that their dad was once a janitor.

"There's no class distinction out here. That's the curse of the Old Country. If I'd stayed in Poplar, I'd still be a plumber, and my children would have been brought up to expect nothing better for themselves.

"How could they, when you have one kind of school for the rich and another for the poor? Out here rich and poor go to the same school, and talk the same language."

Dark, slender and well dressed, Katherine was a successful buyer for a New York firm. She had just come back from a business trip to London.

"I had a swell time," she said, "but I'd certainly hate to be an English business girl. No wonder the poor darlings behave more like hired help than women with careers. You can't blame them for concentrating on grab- bing a husband and quitting business. Look at the chicken-feed they get—no wonder they're positively dowdy!

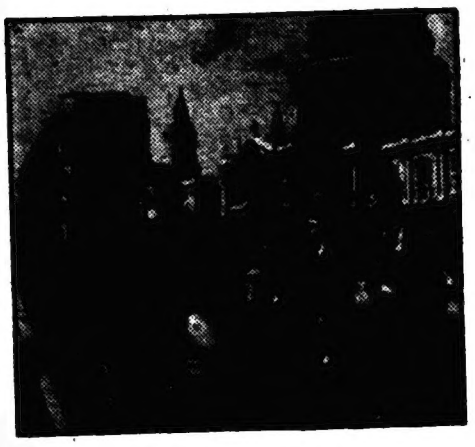
"I guess it's time you English woke up to the fact that women are needed in business—well-trained live-wires who'll make good executives. And you won't get that kind until you pay them good money."

Slaves to the House

Neat, grey-haired Mrs. Monson ran a husband, four children and a home. But she always found time to attend talks on politics, music and a host of other subjects at various women's clubs in Los Angeles.

"Yes," she smiled, "I suppose I'm that terrible person, the typical club- woman. But we think it's a fine thing for a woman to have interests outside her home and to have a voice in affairs.

"Why should marriage make a woman a slave? With a properly built and furnished house, there's no reason why any woman should spend her days like a prisoner.



On their first leave in London these U.S. soldiers went to look at the bomb damage around St. Paul's Cathedral. What do they think of the British?

"I believe that the reason why English women have done so little with their votes is that they have been too busy slaving over housework—a lot of which should have been done by labour-saving equipment; waiting on husbands, who should have been tak- ing them out; and spoiling the child- ren, who should have been learning to fend for themselves."

When I was introduced to the genial U.S. Naval Officer at a Scottish port recently, he held on to my hand whilst he repeated my name. Later I re- marked that he always knew the names of the many British Naval and Army officers whom we met in the course of the day.

No Relation

"I'm a salesman," he said, "and I make it my business to remember names and faces. You English slur over a man's name when you intro- duce him, as if you were ashamed of him!

"Do I like selling? Can a duck swim? And by selling I mean taking business away from the other fellow. That's what we'll be out to do to you British after this war, and why not? All's fair in love and business, and it's healthy competition that keeps a business alive."

"This cousin business is all hooey!" The young Eighth Air Force pilot from Cleveland, Ohio, who made that re- mark, had been loud in his praises of British hospitality.

"But I do wish you folks would not look on a Yank as a kind of relation. Why, less than half the families in the States originated in Britain. What's English about Roosevelt or Eisenhower, Nimitz or Spaatz?

"You folk ought to remember that the American race is a sort of cock- tail—with a lot of ingredients and one hell of a kick!"

As we stood shoulder to shoulder in the packed corridor whilst our train lurched on its way to Newcastle, an advertising man from Chicago, now a Top Sergeant in the U.S. Marine Corps, asked me why our public men keep on painting such gloomy pictures of Britain's post-war trade prospects.

"This is crazy!" he shouted, pointing to a newspaper report of a speech made by Lord Halifax to a gathering of American bankers in Chicago.

"Can you imagine a big store buy- ing space to tell its customers it was broke? What would happen to any business if its executives went around hollering, 'We're sunk'?

"If I was Mr. Churchill. I'd fire that old Earl and make some honest-to- goodness business man Ambassador, some hard-boiled guy who'd tell our folks in Washington that you were going to lick the pants off us when it comes to getting back those lost exports of yours."

By way of taking a busman's holi- day, the lanky Lieut.-Colonel in the U.S. regular Air Force, whom I met in Edinburgh, had fought over Ran- goon in 1942. Then he was one of the American Volunteer Group, probably the toughest and highest paid body of airmen ever known.

"The Chinks paid us 600 gold dollars a month," he told me, "plus a bonus of 500 bucks for every Jap plane destroyed. We earned plenty, but that was chicken-feed compared with the sort of money a lot of your busi- ness men used to make out there in the East.

A Realistic Hint

"People in the States still feel a little uneasy about you British keeping on with the war against Japan. Some are saying openly that when Germany is beaten, you'll quit. They know your government has promised that you won't, but they also know that nations don't always keep their promises.

"Instead of telling us that you are going to keep on fighting the Japs because you've said you will, why not point out that you've a whole lot of darned good reasons on your own account for keeping your word?

"The American people would be more impressed if you reminded them that the British Empire has a mighty big stake to win back Malaya and other places now in Japanese hands, and that just as we have Pearl Har- bour to avenge, so you have a con- siderable score to settle at Singapore."

"Forget it, brother!" was how a burly infantry captain from New Jersey dismissed a vicious attack on Britain in a New York newspaper to which I had drawn his attention.

Telling the Folks at Home

"Those guys print that kind of boloney because their business is selling papers, not moral uplift," he declared. "They know it's a lie, but they know the great American public will get a kick out of reading it.

"Sure, the mud often sticks. When my division went overseas, I guess ninety per cent of the boys thought they were anti-British. Now they *know* they are pro.

"After fighting alongside the British in Italy and Normandy, they know they are solid guys, with worlds of courage. Don't worry, brother; their letters tell the folks at home just that."

WILFRED WEBSTER.

JOHN BULL Short Story

Family TREE

Joe was lazy. Joe couldn't be budged. But Mary didn't kill him, as she was sometimes tempted to do. She hit on a more merciful but equally dramatic method to get her own way

by GEORGE LOVERIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

JOE WAS FIFTY-FIVE and Mary was fifty. They looked somewhat alike, as though they had been models for a couple of quaint figures to stand, say, on either end of a mantel—both short, both round, both short-sighted, both stooped a bit.

They coasted slowly and evenly along the declivity on the other side of the middle of life, and they might have gone on that way to the end, without hitting more than a slight bump here and there, if Joe had not insisted on sleeping while he coasted.

When he was about fifty, he fell into the habit of lying on the sofa in the parlour after supper for a nap. At nine o'clock he got up and went to bed. The only variation in this routine occurred Sundays, when he slept late in the morning, napped all afternoon and, before going to bed, listened to a few wireless programmes that Mary disliked.

As long as Ella, their only child, was unmarried and living at home, Mary didn't mind. She and Ella had always been as close as button and buttonhole. They made dresses together, went to church and the pictures together, sat and talked together, or just sat together and said nothing, and were content. Then overnight, as it seemed, Ella married and moved hundreds of miles away.

For days Mary sat around the house trying to get used to the fact that Ella was twenty-four years of age and was gone for good.

Mary tried to talk to Joe about it in the evenings, but he only said, "Of course. Why not? *You* got married, didn't you?" Then he fell dead on the sofa, for all practical purposes, and began to snore, and Mary just sat there.

The first Christmas after Ella was married was the worst time of all for Mary. While she and Joe were eating supper in the kitchen the week before Christmas she said, "Shall we have a tree this year?"

"Tree? What d'you mean?"

"Christmas tree, of course," Mary said.

"Suit yourself," he told her.

She bought a tree, even though Ella wasn't coming home at all for the holiday. It was a smaller tree than usual, only about 5 ft. tall. Mary carried it home herself from the grocer's.

SHE FETCHED the wooden stand and the boxes of ornaments from the cellar, set up the tree, draped a white sheet around the bottom of it, and spent the afternoon putting on the lights, the glass balls and the tinsel. She had no heart for it, but it made the time go by.

She got through Christmas Day tolerably well. She left the tree up all the next week, with the unwrapped presents under it. There was something nice about a tree, the way it stayed so green, the way the tinsel glittered and the bubbles of coloured glass grew from it, the way it reached back into childhood and, like an immense and magic candle, lighted up faces that had changed, vanished, been forgotten.

Even when she had removed the presents from around the tree she couldn't bring herself to strip off the decorations. They looked so pretty and lively.

When Joe came home at night he said, "What are you going to do? Save it for next Christmas?"

But she replied, "There's no hurry. It's not in your way."

Later in the week Willie Fergus, the boy next door, knocked on the kitchen door and asked her whether he could have the Christmas tree, because the boys in the neighbourhood were gathering trees for a bonfire.

"Don't you think that's dangerous?" she asked.

"No, mum. We'll have a lovely fire. We'll be careful."

"Well, I'm sorry, Willie, but we haven't taken our tree down yet."

"Oh," he said, disappointed.

She gave him an apple and he thanked her and went off.

From her kitchen window she saw the kids dragging trees to a vacant strip of ground. They built up a stack of them about ten feet high. Mary was nervous. Suddenly a flame appeared against the green of the trees. It soared to the top and leaped off into the sky.

The boys yelled and danced. They ran up close to the fire and curved away. They pretended to push one another into it. One boy grabbed another's cap and flung it into the fire. A great tower of flame and smoke crackled out of the field, as though the earth had opened above the fiery pit.

THEN MARY HEARD the clang of fire engines. The boys ran. The engines pulled up and the firemen quickly washed down the flames. In a few minutes the firemen were gone again. The boys came back. They kicked the charred, wet skeletons of the Christmas trees around. Then they went off to some other devilry.

All in all, Mary thought, she had rather enjoyed it. Then she sighed, and she said to herself that it was time she took down her own tree. She harvested the ornaments and packed them for another year. The tree stood there naked, still green, on its unpainted wooden base.

That night she told Joe he could take the tree into the backyard for the dustman, and he said he would after supper. After supper he said he thought he would have a nap first.

"But it'll only take you a minute."

"It won't take me no longer after I have a nap, will it?" he said testily. He lay down and folded his hands over his stomach and was asleep in an instant.

When he got up from his nap Mary was in the cellar tending the furnace fire. Joe went to bed without taking the tree down. She spoke sharply to him about it.

"I'll take it down to-morrow," he said.

"Well, see that you do."

There was just enough sharpness there to irritate Joe Lucas, half asleep as he was. "Damned if I will," he thought, but he did not say anything. Neither the next evening, did he take down the tree.

This went on for a week. He told her to throw it out herself if she didn't want it there, and she said it was a man's job and it could stop there for all she cared.

For the next two or three weeks they hardly said a word to each other.

After a while the tree annoyed her less and less. She hardly noticed it any more than she noticed the genuine oil painting of cows in a brook that her grandmother had given her for a wedding present and which had been on the parlour wall ever since.

Towards the beginning of February she began to say "Goodbye" to Joe in the morning and "Hallo" at night. Then they progressed to talking of the weather.

ON THE TWELFTH they lay awake in bed for a while and talked, and Mary made up her mind that every night she'd try to get him talking after supper, even if she had to hear about his day's work. She felt almost sick from loneliness.

The next night she did not wash the dishes after supper. She went with him into the parlour. He lay on the couch, but she said right away, taking up the evening paper:

"The Russians look like getting Berlin soon, don't they, Joe?"

"They're doing all right," he said without interest, settling himself.

"And this raid on Berlin. The Germans are getting it. Now they'll see how *they* like it, won't they?"

"They're getting hell," he agreed. He closed his eyes.

She rattled the paper grimly. "I see there's been a murder," she said.

"Yes," he said. "Woman trouble. Read all that before supper. Read it yourself, will you?"

In a few seconds he was snoring gently rhythmically. She put down the paper. She appraised him with bitter eyes.

There could be twenty years or more of this if she didn't do something. Joe was a good enough man. There were worse. She didn't know who they were, but she supposed there must be some like the fellow murdered in the newspaper.

But she could murder Joe sometime as now, when he lay with his mouth partly opened, twitching occasionally, the groove on the bridge of his nose showing where his spectacles rested, and the gray hair fringing his ears. He was certainly not beautiful. But he brought all his pay home and they had had a lot of fun together when they were younger.

Then she looked at the tree, brown and mangy in the corner, and she could have cut his throat with a dull knife. Her thoughts went round and round the idea of murder and the idea of a separation, not that she intended either, but it relieved her to think that these resorts did exist and people used them, if they were pushed hard enough.

About 9 o'clock, Joe got up and staggered towards the bedroom. "Coming?" he said.

"No," she said.

She sat there in silence, and after

ile the bedspring crunched. The house
s still again.
She sat there, alternately numb and
ring, until 2 o'clock in the morning.
en she took a double sheet from the
wspaper lying on the floor and rolled
into a wand and then twisted it.
Mary scratched a match and lighted
twisted paper. She touched the
me to the resinous tree.
With a marvellous rush and roar, the
nder light developed instantly into a
e of fire. The flames scorched the
llpaper and ran nimbly up the cur-
ins. Mary stepped back. Smoke made
r eyes water. She watched the wood-
rk around the windows begin to
oulder. The varnish blistered.
Fascinated, but not frightened, Mary
ok up the telephone. When the opera-
r responded, she said, "Fire at 48,
overnor Street. Fire at 48, Governor
reet." Then she hung up. She went
to the bedroom and grasped Joe by
e shoulder.
She had to shake him several times.
"Put on your trousers!" she said.
Joe could not find his trousers. He
uld not find his glasses. Mary pulled
blanket off the bed and wrapped him
e an Indian. He kept saying, "My
od! My God!" She pushed him into
e kitchen.
Heavy steps thumped on the porch.
he front door shook. A windowpane
acked and tinkled into fragments. Fire-
en in helmets, heavy coats and boots
ouched through the broken window.
hemicals hissed into flames. Woodwork
oaned as it was pulled away by the
oots. The firemen yelled to one another
om house to street.
In five minutes the parlour was a
lack, soggy ruin. The only thing un-
amaged was the picture of cows in a
rook.
A policeman entered. Then an air-
id warden. Then other neighbours,
overcoats over pyjamas.
The fire officer began asking about the
hristmas tree. What had it been
oing there? Joe mumbled. "My God!
y God!"
Mary said nothing. She sat down
owly in a chair. The tree was gone at
ast.
How exciting it all was! How good
o have people around! Joe would have
o spend evening after evening repairing
he woodwork, plastering, papering. She
ould make him paper the whole house.
She would help him. A whole new set
f parlour furniture would have to be
ought, and a new rug. But no sofa.
She would never have another sofa for
Joe to nap on.
Her face worked uncertainly. She
egan to laugh. She put her hands to
er stomach as though it hurt, and
aughed as though she could never stop.

"Just because it's a new bed did you have to test the springs?"

Sappers are busy clearing the beaches of mines— to restore the scenes most of us wistfully remember

HOLIDAY TOWNS RISE AND SHINE

Britain's derelict "invasion coast" towns are waking with big plans to welcome thousands of war-weary holidaymakers, reports JOHN BULL'S Investigator, HARRY FOWLER

OPTIMISM IS FLOWING like a tide in Britain's holiday resorts. With the first peace time holiday season in sight, the people of the "invasion coast" are busily preparing for a bumper season.

All the old attractions may not be there, but the deck chairs will be in position, the bathing tents and chalets will be in readiness.

Hoteliers, shopkeepers and boarding-house proprietors were practically ruined overnight as a result of war conditions. The lights went out on the piers and promenades, and the visitors departed.

In the ensuing years the populations of these towns were depleted. They became ghost towns, echoing to the sound of explosions due to "enemy action."

Now these towns are busy healing the scars. Let's have a look at Broadstairs.

New Paint—New Curtains

There was a period when only 2,000 of Broadstairs' pre-war population of 14,000 remained. Now people are coming back, and shops are reopening.

The beach is being cleared of obstructions and the barbed wire on the cliff walks has already largely been taken away. The bowling greens, tennis courts and gardens are being tied up.

"We are planning ahead," said Capt. Donne, the town's Entertainments Manager. "Already we have received large numbers of letters asking for summer reservations at hotels and boarding-houses. The band of the Royal Marines has been engaged for Easter."

Broadstairs has had a grim time, but everyone looks cheerfully to the future. I spoke with a landlady who bought a boarding-house in the town in 1938. It cost £4,000—practically the whole of her life's savings. She had a successful season, and prospects seemed good. Then came the war.

She tried to sell the place, but there were no buyers. Eventually she went away to live with friends.

Now she is back again. The house has been tidied, the front lawn mown, and she is beginning again.

Margate shows the same spirit of enterprise and optimism. Shops and cafés are reopening and life is coming back to the town. Margate's population of 40,000 dropped to 10,000 during the worst period. Now it has climbed again to 23,000 and is going up week by week.

Air raids damaged no fewer than 9,170 of Margate's 14,000 buildings. Luckily, much of this damage is only slight. Don't imagine that the town is a mass of ruins, but some of its famous landmarks have been battered. "Dreamland," for instance, is now only a gaunt shadow of its former self.

Population Is Going Up

The Mayor, Alderman F. J. Cornford, is working at high pressure. "Our problem at the moment is to restore Margate by stages to its pre-war prosperity," he said. "There are many difficulties of course. Much depends on an adequate supply of labour. We shall not be able to offer holiday-makers all our pre-war entertainments yet, but we can offer them nine miles of foreshore that was never mined. For that reason it is perfectly safe. The facilities for bathing are unimpaired. There will be concert parties and games centres."

When I saw P. T. Grove, the Town Clerk, he was cheerily optimistic.

"We anticipate 10,000 visitors at Easter," he said. "Our promenades will be open, the sands are clear and safe, and we shall have a programme of entertainments which will satisfy all but the most critical. There's no need to be gloomy about Margate."

The townspeople are facing their difficulties with enthusiasm. And they have difficulties. About 400 of Margate's hotels and boarding-houses were requisitioned by the Government.

One hotel proprietor told me: "The Government took over my hotel and practically all my equipment. They paid me a price on the 'take it or leave it' principle."

"I was paid at 1939 values, or somewhat less. Now, in order to start again, I have the double problem of finding suitable equipment and having to pay twice the price for it."

Now let us go to Ramsgate, which is directly opposite Dunkirk. The town was bombed and shelled, but it feels that that is part of the dark past.

The Council is busy with peace time plans which will cost something like £250,000. These include the rebuilding of the sea front, and the development of a big air-port for continental traffic. A great sports arena is to be built.

These improvements naturally cannot be done immediately. There are more urgent matters to be tackled first.

Much publicity has been given to the Government's scheme to lend £150 to small business proprietors to help them start again. Yet it will need more than £150 to restore the boarding-houses, and the little shops round the corner.

One indignant boarding-house proproprietor said to me, "I could spend £150 on bed linen alone. And then what about kitchen equipment and necessary refurnishing?"

Government Must Help

These towns do not hesitate to say that the Government has not come to grips with their problems.

There should be the earliest possible evacuation of the troops and officials from requisitioned premises.

Ernest Bevin, M.P., the Minister of Labour, has said that, with the coming of peace, "One of the first things the army of workers will want will be a jolly good holiday."

And Mr. Bevin is right. The problem of rehabilitating the towns on the East, North-East, South and South-East coasts, is of urgent importance. Whitehall must take strong and rapid action.

These reawakening resorts will be helped by staggered holidays in factories and offices. They will be helped more if school holidays are staggered.

Rail and road services to these towns must be augmented or travel conditions during the holidays will be chaotic.

The Ministry of Food must plan to cope with an adequate flow of supplies to feed the crowds of holiday-makers.

Britain's hard-hit coast towns deserve all the help, sympathy and forethought that the Government can give them.

EASTER INVASION

What conditions will holiday-makers find at the seaside resorts this Easter? Here are last-minute reports from the "invasion coast"

BOGNOR: Practically all available accommodation booked. Nearly all the beach is clear. A busy season ahead.

BOURNEMOUTH: Chance visitors will have to sleep on the sands and bring their own food. Record bookings.

BRIGHTON: Impossible to book a room for Easter at any hotel at any price. Preparing for record rush, shops reopening.

CLACTON: Council has urged the release of more hotels to accommodate visitors. Heavy bookings.

EASTBOURNE: Conditions slowly returning to normal. First Sunday symphony concert for five years has just been held. Great pressure on all available accommodation.

FOLKESTONE: Some hotels and boarding-houses are almost ready to welcome visitors again, and the number is being increased slowly.

HASTINGS: Will be packed out at Easter. Arrangements are well ahead for a busy season. Practically whole of beach clear. The front, bathing pool, pier and gardens need repair.

SOUTHEND: Corporation is applying for the "release" of the mile-long pier. Pavilion at the shore end may be open by Easter. Bookings very heavy.

Free Speech

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY MARRIAGE

Compromise plan for private enterprise. Friendly pickpockets. Barred from opening a shop. One way of spending leave. Getting ready for the inspectors. Penny-in-the-slot telephone boxes. Beauty and character

I HAVE BEEN MARRIED fifteen years, and during that time my wife and I have had no relatives to trouble us. We have lived our own lives entirely. I have no men friends, my wife has no women friends. And everything has gone well.

My advice to newly married couples is: Forget your friends and go as far from your relatives as possible. Once you get into the way of depending on each other's company you and your partner have found the real secret of married happiness.—L. T., Heath End, Surrey.

Socialist Compromise

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE and Socialism both have disadvantages as well as advantages. Why not a compromise? Every firm should allot to the State a number of free shares proportionate to its capital, and men of proved integrity should represent the State on the board of directors to see that the employees get a fair wage and to prevent anti-social activity in the form of cartels and monopolies. It would be co-partnership on a grand scale with every firm benefiting the community.—R. J. CHESTER, 13, Victoria Avenue, Chatburn, Clitheroe, Lancs.

Seven Months for Suit

I HAVE BEEN HOARDING a suit length of cloth for a year or two. My motives have been patriotic—I've made my clothes last as long as possible and decided not to have a costume made until my other things were done for.

Goodness knows how I shall manage now. The only tailor who will take my order wants seven months to do the job, and his charge is £17 17s. It looks as if the cloth will remain useless and I shall have to buy a new outfit. Is that what the Board of Trade wants?—Mrs. LEWIS, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1.

Light-Fingered Friends

AT ONE TIME, when I was living in the heart of London's East End, I got to know several gifted pickpockets. I found them not at all bad fellows.

One, a man between fifty and sixty, appeared to be comfortably off. The strange thing was that whenever he was out he seemed to have two or three little children making friends with him. One of his rules was that he never "worked" when his health was below par.—A. E. B., Folkestone, Kent.

New Brooms Sweep Clean?

SPIT AND POLISH is all very well. Most of my pals and I agree that it's good for discipline. But when we are ordered to scrub broomsticks white we feel things are being carried too far.—Pte. R., R.A.O.C. (address supplied).

Others Stepped In

I GAVE UP A café in 1939 to volunteer for duties in the Royal Navy, and was honourably discharged after two years' service in that and three in the Merchant Navy. Now I cannot obtain a licence to open up again on the grounds that the district is already catered for. While I was risking my life to bring food to the country, others were opening shops. Britain has admitted her debt to the men of the sea—now is the time to start repaying it.—H. B. (name and address supplied).

Getting His Land Legs

TRAVELLING BY 'BUS, I started to talk to the sailor who sat beside me. He had a good recipe against loneliness. Whenever he gets ashore in a strange port, he consults the local telephone directory, rings one or two strangers and tells them his plight. "I seldom have to make more than three or four calls," he told me, "and I've had some lovely evenings." Before he got off the 'bus, I found I'd invited this bright sailor to tea with the family the following Sunday.—Mrs. P., Bristol.

Utopia First

WHEN MORE THAN HALF of Britain's workers can be bothered to listen to, and appreciate, serious music; when an art gallery interests them as much as a football pool; when a book need not contain a gangster or a spate of seduction; and when the people know and love the countryside—then a Socialist Government might be worth while.—H. F. EDMONDS, 6, New Road, Bedhampton, Hants.

That Foreign Accent

MY NAMESAKE, Miss Miller, is annoyed by announcers at the B.B.C., who talk too much about music (JOHN BULL, 17.2.45). It's not the announcers who annoy me, but the actors and artists who imitate Frenchmen and other foreigners. Why do they do it?—Miss PHYLLIS MILLER, 8, Limpsfield Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Putting on an Act

I HAVE WORKED in a naval cordite factory for two years, but am still astonished when they stop work for visitors. Today, production was stopped for nearly two hours while our section was cleaned—just because two officials were coming round. Why couldn't they see us as we always are—covered in white powder and very busy? Our sailors don't stop to clean the decks when they're in the middle of a battle!—"DISGUSTED WARWORKER" (name and address supplied).

Forgotten Already?

AT THE CINEMA the other evening, two girls of seventeen or so were chattering about their favourite film stars, and they seemed to know all the pictures they'd been in.

A newsreel followed, and the commentator, speaking about Arnhem, said: "Their deeds will always be remembered." "What did they do?" asked one of the seventeen-year-olds. "I don't know," said her friend.—Mrs. A. J. ORME, 4, Birley Moor Road, Frecheville, Sheffield.

Approval for Gratuities

AS I HAVE SERVED four years in the Army, in the ranks and with a commission, I am as competent to speak about gratuities as anyone. In my opinion, the whole question has been dealt with extremely fairly. The job must have been enormous.

It seems that some people try to make the Government the scapegoat in every controversial issue. A little more tolerance from the moaners would make the Government's tasks a good deal easier.—DANIEL C. F. CAMBRIDGE, The Royal Oak, London Road, Bracknell, Berks.

Blue Pencil Critic

I HAVE RECEIVED a bitter letter from a flying man in the R.A.F., who is serving overseas. The letter had been held up, but eventually passed intact by the higher censorship authority to whom it was referred. My friend, who has leanings to the Left, writes: "If we have a censorship based on politics, what good is it giving men a chance to vote by proxy? If I write home saying: 'Oppose the Government candidate,' a keen Tory censor could side-track my instructions."—DAVID BOYCE, Glastonbury, Somerset.

To Save 'Phone Kiosks

RECENTLY YOU MENTIONED the ill-treatment that many telephone kiosks get (JOHN BULL, 3.2.45). Some of the petty misuse could be stopped if the doors opened with a penny-in-the-slot device and the call cost a penny less when you were inside.

An idea for the Post Office when equipment is plentiful again?—MARY M. FENTON, 68, Gilnow Road, Bolton, Lancs.

Brains Trust Query

WHY ARE LISTENERS asked to send in questions to the Brains Trust week after week? Only a tiny proportion of the questions can be used, and the B.B.C. might as well use questions from the huge "stock-in-hand" instead of wasting listeners' time and money by asking for fresh queries.—H. WILLIAMS, 9, Cadells Row, Faringdon, Berks.

Helping "Women Who Wait"

YOUR ARTICLE, "Marriage Under Fire," by David R. Mace, Chairman of the Marriage Guidance Council (JOHN BULL, 10.3.45), is one which ought to be read by every man and woman, whether in the Services or not.

As one who served in the last war, leaving a wife and boy at home (the latter now married and serving overseas in the present war), I can, from experience, appreciate to the full the words written by Dr. Mace. So no doubt can all those now serving, and their folk at home.

I should like to see a further article addressed to all those fortunate ones, and there are many, who have no near relatives in the Fighting Services. It is they who could, and should, bring as much happiness as possible to "the women who wait" and serve their country well while doing so.—STEUART ARTHUR, Secretary, Hospital Contributory Scheme, 73, Victoria Street, Crewe, Cheshire.

Beautiful and Brainy

IT'S A COMMONLY accepted idea that very beautiful girls are brainless, dressed-up dolls, lazy and useless. Yet surely it is stupid to neglect loveliness. Like music and poetry, it is a gift from the gods. The girl with a beautiful face quite often has just as beautiful a character. But the plain ones won't hear of that.—Mrs. J. TAYLOR, 10, Bryson Road, Edinburgh.

Mistaken Identity

WHILE ON LEAVE with my sister in Bristol, I was amused and amazed when a young lad of eight or nine approached me with, "Give me a penny for me bus fare, mister." Then on seeing my uniform, he added, "Sorry, mate, I thought you was an American."—L.A.C., Bath, Somerset.

Dream of Delight

SOME DREAM OF "Jeanie with the light brown hair," I dream of braces with—any colour—elastic.—"CASUALTY," Scunthorpe, Lincs.

"Unwanted" Children

ONE OF MY HOBBIES is printing, and my home outfit has never been so well used as this week. I have run off a couple of hundred copies of William J. Gage's fine "Charter for the Unwanted Child" (JOHN BULL, 17.3.45).

Whenever I read a case of local Benches treating leniently those guilty of cruelty to children, I propose to send a copy without comment to the magistrates. There is so much food for thought in your "Charter for the Unwanted Child" that I feel it must not be forgotten.—J. A. R., Manchester.

Back to Normal?

TO ME IT IS perfectly clear that Germany is finished and that Japan will not be able to withstand the combined assault of the Allies for long. So I do not see why every politician has to pepper his speeches with warnings that the war may yet be long drawn out.

The Secretary of State for War had to tell us only last week that we mustn't think "it's all over bar shouting." Of course it isn't—but we don't have to be told so like a lot of naughty children. I believe the Government should start now to give us more food, more personal liberty, and some decent clothes.—J. K. D., Shrewsbury.

NOT ONE OF THE newspapers that my wife sends out to me fails to contain some civilian's plea for more comfort on the home front. The general argument seems to be that the war's as good as over, so why not get back to normal.

Out here some of us feel that the war is just beginning. We still face years away from our families, years of hardship and danger. It doesn't make it easier to bear when we read the outpourings of these "back to normal" merchants.—"SIGNALMAN" (14th Army).

Back Home to What?

THANK YOU FOR PUBLISHING the article on New Zealand's plans for demobilised soldiers (JOHN BULL, 17.3.45). There is a nation which realises that too much cannot be done for the men who have risked their lives during the past years. It realises, too, that on the prosperity of its sons depends the future prosperity of the nation.

New Zealand's plans put Britain's to shame. Surely if they can provide so magnificently for the future, we can at least equal them. Our obstructionists in high places must be made to realise that it *is* possible.—T. WILSON, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

THIS PAGE is reserved for your opinions, and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Conversation Piece

"BY GAD, OLD BOY, I'm going to be busy during the next few weeks. The election will be coming along, y'know, and I'm going to help build up a brand new platform, plank by plank."

"But—well, are you sufficiently in touch with the people?"

"Ha, don't worry about that, old boy. Why, the executive report of the Die-hard Party Conference didn't make any mention of the wage-earners. And only one delegate, fellow from Leeds or somewhere, noticed it."

"But . . ."

"No, I'm going to build just the platform the candidates want. One they can stand on most of the time and duck under when necessary."

"But . . ."

"My first plank will have the flag of free enterprise flying at its mainmast. Freedom for fellows to build what they like, invest their money as they like, employ whom they like, and charge what they like."

"But . . ."

"All controls are to be abolished immediately, except, of course, where the people might get above themselves without them."

"But . . ."

"MY NEXT PLANK will be housing. A house for everybody as long as they give us time to get them built. No rushing—that's the line. Real houses for real people. *Houses not hutches* — good slogan, eh, old boy?"

"But . . ."

"Wages will make a good plank. Freedom to make higher profits means freedom to pay higher wages. Although I won't say that we might not have to have some ceiling to wages to curb over-generous employers who might pay too much and upset the currency situation. After all, as I said to Fothergill the other day, it's often been this lack of any control on wages that has caused strikes for higher pay."

"But . . ."

"We've got to remember the country areas, so I've got a special agricultural plank. A strong and healthy agriculture based on farmers growing what they like, where they like. And no imported food except when we prefer to get it from our friends abroad."

"But . . ."

"MY PLANK FOR LAND, old boy, has both feet, as it were, on the ground. Make land available to anybody who can pay for it, and when he's got it he can do what he likes with it."

"But . . ."

"Now, patriotism, old man—the plank that never fails. Good old Britain, good old Empire, all for one and one for all, and a free-for-all in a glorious world of free enterprise and healthy cut-throat competition."

"But . . . hey, listen . . . who's going to drive the nails to fix these planks together?"

Eh? Why, the electors, the men and women, the people, our brave boys from the battle-fronts."

"But suppose they don't fall for it."

"They will, old boy. They fell for it after the last war, and they'll fall for it after this war. And after the next bigger-and-better war for which we mustn't be caught unprepared."

Whenever Mr. Churchill goes abroad, Lord Moran goes too. Here they are on a warship bound for the Middle East conference of 1943, with Major Desmond Morton and Admiral Cunningham between them

HE WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN when he volunteered for the R.A.F. Although he had a strong streak of adventure in him, there was also what he called a powerful "safety factor."

He could swim, but he didn't dive. He took risks, but always reasonable risks. Paradoxically, in the R.A.F. that helped him.

Then he was lost in a snowstorm for two hours. He made a forced landing with visibility nil. He survived, but he was badly shaken. He said afterwards, "I couldn't believe I had got away with it—I had to touch things to make sure of their reality."

Later, one of his engines failed over the Norwegian coast. The plane crashed into the sea. Again he survived, this time by the aid of a rubber dinghy. Then the hospital ship which picked him up was bombed several times.

Raid Fires Cured Him

These events wrecked his nerves and a medical board decided that he was permanently unfit for flying. They gave him an office job in London—but London was bombed.

Fear came up again—terrible, persistent fear. He couldn't sleep. He didn't like going out. He arranged to live in the building where he worked.

One night a bomb hit the building. He was uninjured and went into the street. The climax came as he walked over Westminster Bridge and saw London ablaze. He felt something harden in him as he watched the fires.

Insistently he took up flying again. Slowly, very slowly, he faced up to his fears and gradually overcame them. Then he asked for a reboard and in the end he was accepted. Now he is back on operational duties again. He has hit back for what the Germans did to London.

These are the Brave

Courage? Yes, this young man not only had courage, but courage of a very high order. That is an important point of discrimination, for there are three kinds of courage.

Certain people know no fear and dash in recklessly, often bringing off the impossible. They have courage all right, but of an elementary kind.

There are others who feel fear, but they do not show it and still keep going. This is courage of a higher level.

The third type of courage, the most important, is the type in which a man feels fear *and is forced by his nature to show it*—and yet he carries the job through.

In a remarkable book, *The Anatomy of*

Secrets of Courage
by VINCENT BROME

A new book by Lord Moran brings to light the hidden factors of the brave deeds of which we read every day. But is he justified in assuming that death on the battlefield is a fine end to a young life?

Courage (just published by Constable, 8s. 6d.), Lord Moran probes beneath the surface of courage and brings to light some of the hidden factors which determine whether a man shall become a coward or a hero.

Lord Moran served as a medical officer all through the last war. As Sir Charles Wilson, M.C., Mr. Churchill's physician, he accompanied the Prime Minister on his flights to America and North Africa and attended him during his illness.

Aristocrat of Valour

This book touches closely, not only every serving soldier, but every man and woman in these islands who has known the ordeal of bombing. It is a book which may not entirely square with the latest psychological discoveries, but it throws inspiring light on courage, whether it be in the ordinary individual or in high-ranking officers.

"Barty Towers was flawless. . . . He had the finish and polish of all old things. The history of his family was written over his mind, and all his thoughts had been inherited with his small round head, his thin, delicate features, his long nervous hands. Yet one day he told me laughingly that, whenever he heard a shell coming, he saw himself blown to bits. . . . But in the end he went out undefeated."

Most men know fear. Real courage consists in the ability to master it and carry on. But what urges men to overcome fear?

There are varied explanations. There is a type of person, by no means uncommon, who would rather risk unpleasant death by shell or bomb than risk the scorn of his fellows by running away. For many people the social code of conduct undoubtedly plays a big part, and conforming to it over many years may prove a more powerful influence than the fear of violent death.

One point needs stressing. Explanations and analyses along these lines do not destroy the value or the nobility of courage.

It is a fine thing that a man can put his social code before his own safety—even if, on occasion, he fears rather than respects certain aspects of that creed.

Again, this is only one small part of the story. A great deal of courage in the early stages of this war sprang from a cool appraisal of immediate danger, and the knowledge that only courage of a very high order would ever pull us through.

Fortunately, there is the indirect courage given by action. "In the presence of danger men often find salvation in action," writes Lord Moran. "To dull emotion, he must do something; to remain immobile, to stagnate in mind or body, is to surrender without terms."

Death in Battle

It needs will-power to take action when you are afraid, and will-power, says Lord Moran, is one of the keys to courage.

There is one chapter in this book with which I differ. Talking of death on the battlefield, the author says, "Surely it is a fine free setting forth, this end in the field. . . It comes to a man in the Spring-time before age and disease have soiled his body."

For the realist which Lord Moran has shown himself in other parts of the book, this just will not do. There are far too many men back from the fronts to-day who will tell you that death on the modern battlefield is no "fine free setting forth in the Spring-time."

It is sometimes a terrible necessity. It is sometimes inspiring. But there is no need to romanticise it.

"Why should Sheila wait till the right man comes along. I didn't"

Now He Can Make Toys!

MANY a thriving business has been built on a *Bullet*. Now comes toy-maker J. Burras, 14, Cleveleys Road, Southport, first reader to start rebuilding his little business with tools and machinery paid for with *Bullets* winnings.

His business problem has been largely solved by his £300 First in Contest 1,465 with this telling effort: Job For Everybody—Make Peace Make, Peacemakers! Wouldn't *your* problem be eased by some of this week's £400 Cash for *Bullets*?

"BULLETS" CASH NOW

£400!

FIRST PRIZE, £250

£25 Extra Cash if you order your 'Bulletin' as directed on coupon.

OTHER PRIZES: £20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1 200 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Simply add Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's £250 First Prize.

GATEWAY TO PEACE
NURSE BRITANNIA
OVERWHELMING MIGHT
TOMMY'S AN OPTIMIST, SO
BRIGHTER DAYS
FREE EDUCATION
TURNED THE TABLES
WITH CONFIDENCE
BRICKS AND MORTAR
ORGANISED RESISTANCE
AT THE WORST
HELL ON EARTH
IF I WERE A MAN
MADDENING MONOTONY
POLES APART
IN CONFUSION
LIKE GREASED LIGHTNING
STAGGERING
QUEER CUSTOMER
SANDY PAID UP, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

HITLER'S LAST .....
ON THE BRINK OF.....
ALL VERY .....
EARNED A.....
GOOD TO.....
THINK OF THE ..... AND

RESULT 1,467—FIRST PRIZE £200

J. ELSWORTH, 41, KINGSMEAD ROAD, LONDON, S.W.2.

IN BERLIN "SUPERMEN" DOWN SUPER CELLARS!

£20: Mrs. M. Bradshaw, "Allendale," 2, Old Inverkip Road, Greenock.
Half The Battle—Won, Before Monty Moves.

£10: M. R. Beaton, 6, Loanhead Crescent, Motherwell.
Safe Place—World Seen—Roads Ever?

£5: R. L. Mayne, 1, Douglas Avenue, New Malden.
Britain's Team—World Beaters, Not Bashers.

£4: W. Madine, 25, Delamore Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.
Half The Battle—"I'll Have A Shot!"

£3: C. Rogers, Wincote Lane, Eccleshall, Stafford.
Dad's Lighter—"It," If It Lit!

6 of £2:
J. M. Agnew, High Street, Lurgan, N. Ireland.
Our Goat—Headed Village Band—Off!
W. G. Broyden, 174, Lower Road, Belvedere.
Like A Dream Come True—Slippers—Armchair—And Indigestion!
J. Eccles, 14, Trower Street, Preston.
Half The Woman—"Mystery"—Other, "Plain Speaking"!
A. Jackson, 47, Finchley Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham.
Seeds Of Discussion—May Californian "Atmosphere" Wither!
Mrs. A. Moore, "Shop Corner," Erwarton, Ipswich.
Trampled In The Dust—Treaties, "Scrambling" For Markets?
H.W. Pugh, 16, Morland Gardens, Southall.
Triumphal Progress—Corporal—Captain—Colonel—Commissionaire!

A list of 50 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

CHEQUES & CAKES WON—XWORD 419

WINNING WORDS: 1. Snare. 2. Books. 3. Kink. 4. Team. 5. Lad. 6. Smells. 7. Tease. 8. Fan. 9. Tread. 10. Rooks. 11. Crony. 12. Word. 13. Job. 14. Babble. £50 SHARERS: R. R. Beckett, 216, Horninglow Rd., Sheffield; J. H. Harrison, 637, Alexandra Parade, Glasgow. 12 Runners-up Awards, including Cakes.

NEW £100 OFFER ON THIS PAGE

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated April 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,471, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,471
CLOSING POSTMARK TUESDAY, APRIL 3.

For APRIL 14 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

write to JOHN BULL about it

HOLIDAY HOSTELS FOR 1s. A NIGHT

Would hypnotism help a boy to learn? Books on local government. A harmless superstition. Income tax deduction under P.A.Y.E.

"I AM A SCOTSMAN, and when I get my holiday this year, I want to spend it having a look at England. I should like to hike as far as possible, but, in these days, I think accommodation is going to be a problem. I have heard about a chain of hostels in Britain, but I don't know where to find them."

As you intend to cover a good deal of ground and to stay only a night or two in each place, I suggest that you get in touch with the Youth Hostels Association, 23, Tavitton Street, London, W.C.1. This organisation has over 200 hostels scattered all over the country. You can obtain a complete list from that address and so plan your tour in advance. The overnight charge at any hostel is 1s., and for this you are provided with a bed, pillow and blankets. There are washing facilities, a common room and, at a large number of hostels, meals can be obtained cheaply. Cooking facilities are usually available.

In order to use the hostels, you must become a member of the Association. The subscription varies between 1s. and 7s. a year according to age. As you live in Scotland, I suggest that you also write to the Scottish Youth Hostels Association, 13, Rutland Square, Edinburgh 1.

"MY SON IS PRETTY BRIGHT in most of his school subjects, but he always has a poor report for geography. I don't know why he fails so badly there, but I have been told that some wonderful mental changes have been achieved by hypnotism, under an expert, of course.

"Do you think by this method my son could be made to take an interest in the one subject which he finds so boring?"

I don't think it a good idea at all. If any hypnotism is to be given, I would prefer to hypnotise the teacher! The subject is obviously being badly taught.

Years ago geography was admittedly a dull subject and consisted of learning strings of names—capes, rivers, towns, and so on. To-day, most teachers realise that it is mainly a study of people and their activities. It can be made fascinating to any child. Perhaps a confidential chat to the headmaster would result in the teacher approaching the subject from a different angle with beneficial results to the whole school.

"I WAS DISABLED after the last war after reaching the rank of sergeant. I receive a 60 per cent. disability pension, together with an allowance of 6s. a week in respect of my wife. As I work, it out, this should come to 36s., whereas in actual fact I only receive 34s."

I think you have made a mistake in the figure allowed for total disablement. For a private this is 40s., so that a 60 per cent. pension amounts to 24s. As a sergeant you are entitled to an extra 4s. Your pension, therefore, is 28s., which, with your wife's allowance of 6s., makes the total amount correct at 34s.

"DURING THE LAST two years I have been appointed to a parish council, a rural district council, and recently to the county council. I am very anxious to carry out my duties in an efficient manner, and should be pleased to know of any books which would assist me."

It is always a pleasure to hear from a reader who is devoting himself to local government work. You appear to be making rapid headway. When the war is over such work is likely to be taken far more seriously than in the past.

I suggest "The A.B.C. of Local Government," by C. Kent Wright, published by Messrs. Evans Brothers at 4s. 6d. Follow it up with "Outlines of Local Government in the United Kingdom," by John J. Clarke, published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., at 6s.

If you find any difficulty in getting the first of these books, as a councillor you may be able to obtain a copy from the National Association of Local Government Officers, 24, Abingdon Street, London, S.W.1.

"I HAVE AN AUNT who makes a great fuss about the ill-luck supposed to be caused by seeing the new moon through glass. She even takes off her spectacles, goes outside, and bows nine times to the new moon. Is there any harm in people following these superstitions?"

Of course, the superstitions mean nothing whatever. They are just quaint survivals from primitive times.

Don't worry about your aunt's behaviour—her little ritual at each new moon keeps her happy and contented and does no harm to anyone.

"I WAS INTERESTED in your reply to the inquirer regarding his arrears of Building Society payments, but was disappointed that you did not tell him to place the facts before his Building Society and seek their help. I am a member of the staff of a Building Society, and I know that sympathetic consideration is given to genuine cases of hardship."

I am glad to have this assurance from a man who knows the inner workings of a Building Society and am passing it on for the benefit of others who may be in similar trouble. Several other letters gave this same assurance.

Furnished House

V. S., Bognor Regis: As furnished houses are not controlled, you may be obliged to quit on the expiry of the necessary written notice unless you can prevail on the local Billeting Officer to requisition the house for you. A landlord may not charge an unreasonable rent for a furnished house. The local council may take legal proceedings if he does so.

A. C., Spalding: Your case is an unfortunate example of the operation of the small incomes marginal relief rule. Under certain Codes, employees who have been exempt from tax, may suddenly find themselves faced with tax deductions equivalent to 15s. in the pound. The attention of the Government has been drawn to this hardship, and it is hoped that the P.A.Y.E. system will be modified to avoid a repetition of this sort of thing.

A. H., Manchester: National Health Insurance benefits cannot be paid during periods of leave. They only become payable after discharge from H.M. Forces. The incorrect payment of benefit must, therefore, be refunded.

B. G., Warrington: An old-age pension is not payable automatically to everybody at the age of seventy. As your husband has not yet reached the age of sixty-five and has, therefore, not become entitled to a contributory old-age pension, you are not at present eligible for pension in right of his insurance. A pension cannot be paid to you under the Old Age Pensions Act, 1936, because your combined yearly means exceed £99 15s.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

XWORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. Thick snow on ground makes some people feel thankful for—QUI□T. 2. You can't always pull up one quickly—T□AM. 3. Nasty shock often leaves a person quite—□UMB. 4. Most sailors like a good one—RU□. 5. Keep your eyes open and you may see it coming—L□FT. 6. You sometimes find a man's view to be marred by—□ALL. 7. It's bad taste to whitewash these sometimes—HU□S. 8. Will probably be badly chipped—FLA□. 9. A few onions can make one—□RY. 10. Mention of this will certainly make many people think of wars—P□NIC. 11. Charging one may involve certain amount of danger—□OB. 12. Held up by break in line of communication—TA□K. 13. If very advanced, causes unnecessary risk—□ASE. 14. When good leather is used to make these, they last longer—BOO□S.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated April 14 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Special Easter Closing Postmark—**TUESDAY, April 3.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 422, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 419 is given below "Bullets" Result in col. 2.

Chocolate Cream for 'Afters'! —and it's extra nourishing

Be clever in your choice of "afters"! Use your imagination — *and* make full use of your share of dried eggs. That's the way to cheer up wartime meals, besides ensuring the extra nourishment so essential to keep the family fit at this difficult time.

For instance — try this quickly made Chocolate Cream. It's delicious enough for "special occasions" and brimful of nourishment, too.

CHOCOLATE CREAM

Ingredients: 2 level tablespoons dried eggs (dry), 2 level tablespoons flour, 2 to 4 level tablespoons sugar, 2 to 4 level tablespoons cocoa, 1 pint moderately strong coffee, a pinch of salt, vanilla essence. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Mix the dry ingredients and make a smooth paste with a little of the coffee. Boil remaining coffee and pour over mixture. Stir, return to pan, stir until it boils, and boil for 5 minutes. Add vanilla and pour into individual dishes. Serve cold.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (DIET 6)

Give the kiddies happy feet

ASK FOR THE FAMOUS "Little Toddlers" BRAND OF INFANTS' FOOTWEAR

SIZES 1 TO 8

Think in STEAD

They last longer

"What is peacetime like?"

He has grown up in the biggest war of all time. He hasn't known what peace meant. It is going to be a strange and wonderful new world. Whatever happiness 'after the war' has in store for him, one thing will count most—good health.

During wartime you have found how 'Milk of Magnesia' has helped to keep him fit and free from minor stomach troubles.

In the happier days ahead, 'Milk of Magnesia' will, even as now, be your standby—never absent from the medicine cabinet.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

EASY's

LATHER SOFTENS THE BEARD—EASES THE WORK OF YOUR RAZOR BLADE!

7½D PER STICK (*includes purchase tax*)

✱ *Include one in the parcels you send to your men-folk in the Services*

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Now he says he never felt better in his life

—pain in his hands and feet had kept him awake most nights says C.L.

Without any question Mr. C.L. seems to have found the way to keep well. He says: "... I was so bad with rheumatism that I thought I would have to give up work, as the pain in my hands and feet kept me awake most nights. I had tried almost every known remedy... Then—advised me to try Fynnon Salt. I did so. At the end of the first week the pain had lessened and I was sleeping better. I realised I had found a remedy for my rheumatism and continued with Fynnon Salt. At the end of a month my rheumatism was gone and I never felt better in my life...." Yours faithfully, (*Signed*) C.L.

Take

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if you suffer from

RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Neuritis, Sciatica or Gout

Large size 1/6 (*includes Purchase Tax*)

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The perfect ointment for tender skins

For tender, rough or dry skin, the finest application is Germolene because it so closely resembles the natural oil of youthful, healthy skin. But Germolene soothes as well as softens. A touch of Germolene relieves itching and irritation in a wonderful way—it relieves the agony of burns and scalds, and of painful cuts and abrasions as nothing else can. It cleans up septic conditions so that clean, clear new skin can rapidly form. If your skin needs help—get a tin of Germolene: 1/4 and 3/3 incl. Pur. Tax.

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ASEPTIC OINTMENT

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Heals your skin clean!

Entirely New! Never before Published!

RAILWAYS SHIPS AND AEROPLANES ILLUSTRATED

GIANT LINERS and ships of all types shown in photographs & detailed diagrams.

SEE HOW stream-lined engines work. One of many detailed diagrams in this work.

GIANT AIR LINER which carries passengers and crew of nine.

The remarkable entirely new book, which "John Bull" this week offers to its readers, tells in 320 pages, 70,000 words and 224 photographs and detailed diagrams, the fascinating story of how railways, ships and aircraft are built and how they work. Apply for your copy at ONCE.

READ AND SEE HOW THEY ALL WORK!

How Locomotives are built—"Shower-bath Suites"—Giant 82 ft. Truck—Trains sorted by machinery—On the footplate of an express—Two miles a minute by train—The Southern Railway Electric Network—Tunnel 7,000 ft. under surface—How Points and Signals work—Automatic signalling—How liners are built and fitted—Prefabrication marvels—City at Sea—Amazing engine-rooms—Automatic steering—Telephones without mouthpieces—Tankers—Fishing Fleets—"Furniture removing" ship—Ice Breakers—Whalers—Floating Factory—Lifeboats—How aeroplanes are steered—Engines and Jet propulsion—Rocket launching—Automatic pilot—Blind flying—Famous air liners, Airways, etc., Cargo Aircraft—The World's Airports, how they are designed and controlled—and hundreds of other subjects—320 pages of them!

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No. 7

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